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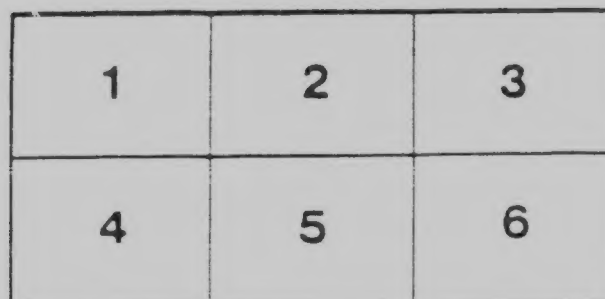
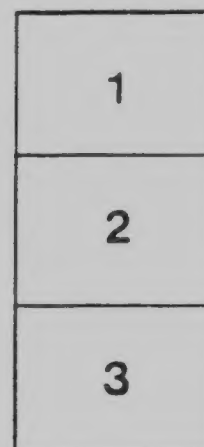
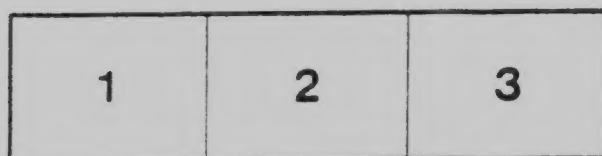
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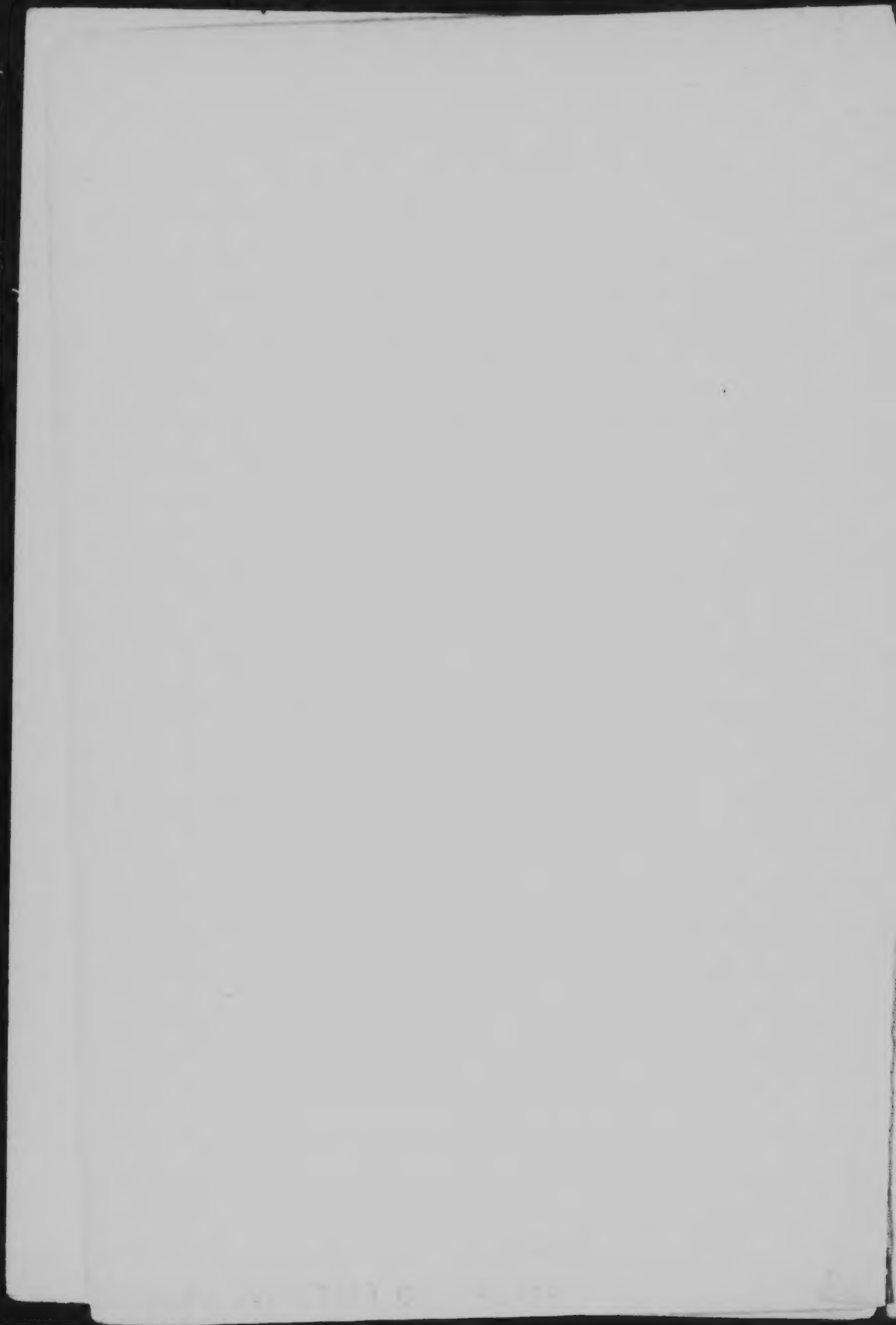
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SELECTIONS FROM
COLERIDGE AND
TENNYSON

EDGAR

MATRICULATION REQUIREMENTS.
ONTARIO, 1919

MACMILLAN



MACMILLAN'S CANADIAN SCHOOL SERIES

SELECTED POEMS
OF
COLERIDGE AND TENNYSON

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
BY

PELHAM EDGAR, PH.D.,
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TORONTO
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
1918

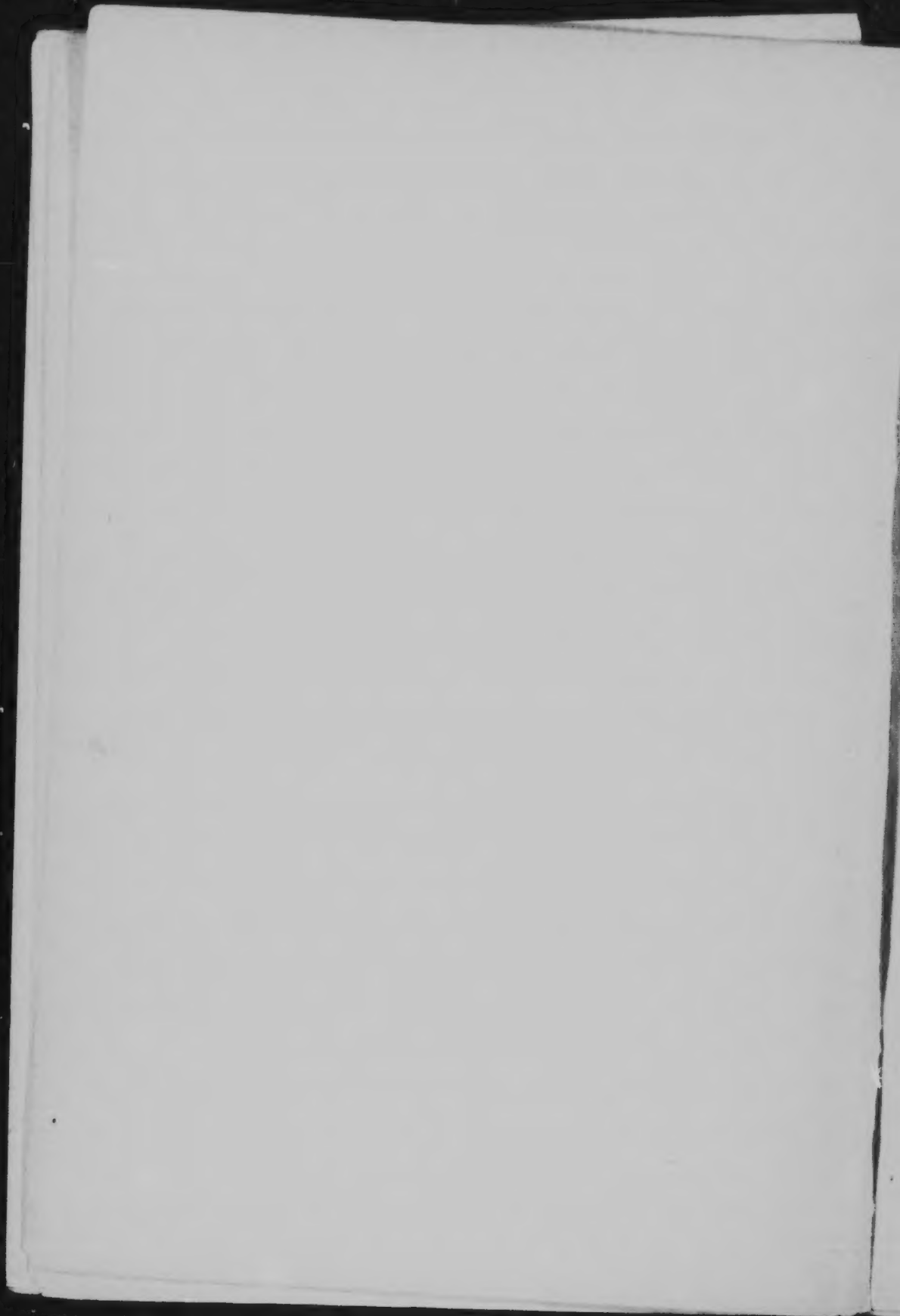
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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The poems included in this volume are those prescribed in Ontario for Junior Matriculation, Pass and Honour, for the examination of 1919.

Toronto,
January 1st, 1918.



CONTENTS

| | Page |
|--|------|
| SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE - - - - - | 9 |
| Biographical Sketch - - - - - | 9 |
| Chronological Table - - - - - | 12 |
| Appreciations - - - - - | 14 |
| References on Coleridge's Life and Works - | 17 |
| The Ancient Mariner - - - - - | 19 |
| Notes - - - - - | 47 |
| ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON - - - - - | 75 |
| Biographical Sketch - - - - - | 75 |
| Chronological Table - - - - - | 82 |
| Appreciations - - - - - | 84 |
| References on Tennyson's Life and Works - | 90 |
| The Lotos Eaters - - - - - | 93 |
| Ulysses - - - - - | 100 |
| Of Old Sat Freedom - - - - - | 102 |
| Songs from "The Princess" - - - - - | 103 |
| Tears, Idle Tears - - - - - | 103 |
| As Thro' the Land at Eve we Went - - - | 104 |
| Sweet and Low - - - - - | 105 |
| Thy Voice is Heard - - - - - | 106 |
| Home they Brought her Warrior Dead - | 106 |
| Ask Me no More - - - - - | 107 |
| O Swallow, Swallow - - - - - | 107 |
| Our Enemies have Fallen - - - - - | 109 |
| Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington | 111 |

CONTENTS

| | | | | | | | |
|---------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| The Charge of the Light Brigade | - | - | - | - | - | - | 119 |
| Enoch Arden | - | - | - | - | - | - | 122 |
| Locksley Hall | - | - | - | - | - | - | 152 |
| Notes | - | - | - | - | - | - | 169 |

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, on October 21st, 1772. His father dying in 1781, the boy was sent to Christ's Hospital, the famous London charity school. Coleridge, at the age of fifteen, sought to relieve the monotony of school life by becoming apprenticed to a cobbler, but luckily an irate schoolmaster stood between him and the realization of this freak. After ten years of somewhat dreary school life, he was, in January, 1791, appointed an exhibitioner at Jesus College, Cambridge. His "discharge" from the school bears the date of September 7th, 1791, and in the following month he went into residence at Cambridge. His life at the University was uneventful, save for one peculiar incident — his erratic enlistment as a private in the King's Regiment of Light Dragoons. His friends eventually bought him out, and he received his discharge in April, 1794. He returned a penitent to Cambridge, where he was publicly admonished by the Master of his College in the presence of the Fellows. In December of the same year he left the University without taking a degree.

Coleridge had never been a systematic student, but had been since his childhood a wide and omnivorous reader, and had evinced a growing enthusiasm for poetry. While at Cambridge he published a drama in

verse—*The Fall of Robespierre*—the result of the joint labors of himself and his Oxford friend, Robert Southey. After leaving Cambridge he settled in lodgings at Bristol, where he gained a scanty livelihood by writing verses for a printer of that place named Cottle. On the strength of his meagre earnings he ventured to marry Miss Sarah Fricker on October 4th, 1795, a few days before Southey led her sister to the altar.

The young couple settled at Clevedon, in Somersetshire. Here Coleridge wrote some of his well-known poems, and established a weekly journal called *The Watchman*, which did not survive its early numbers. The laudanum habit, which proved so fatal to his happiness and so injurious to his intellectual powers, was apparently contracted about this time.

On the last day of 1796 the Coleridge family moved to Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire. Here, in close neighborhood to the poet Wordsworth, they lived for nearly two years, and here the two poets formulated those poetic theories which were destined to exert so fruitful an influence on English Literature. Coleridge wrote his drama *Osorio* (later called *Remorse*) in 1797, and by March 1798, his *Ancient Mariner* was completed. To this creative period we likewise owe the commencement of a remarkable poem, *Christabel*, which was added to at a later date, but was never completed. Coleridge also contributed a number of political articles to the *Morning Post*, and frequently preached in neighboring Unitarian pulpits. His material hardships were lessened by the receipt of an annuity of £150 (subsequently reduced) from Thomas and Josiah Wedgewood.

From September, 1798, to June, 1799, Coleridge resided in Germany, familiarizing himself with German metaphysical thought. Late in 1799 he returned to England, and at first devoted himself to journalism in London. In July of 1800 he settled down at Greta Hall, Keswick, in the Lake Country, where Wordsworth was then residing. In 1804 he sailed to Malta in search of health, and passing through Italy returned to England in August, 1806. The remaining incidents in his life may be briefly summarized. A second journalistic venture, *The Friend*, lived from June, 1809, to March, 1810. In October of the latter year he left the Lake Country, and lived with a Mr. and Mrs. Morgan in London and the neighborhood for a space of six years, namely to 1816. In 1815 a critical volume, *Biographia Literaria*, was published. From 1816 to his death in 1834, he lived principally at Highgate with a surgeon named Gillman. His interests were now chiefly theological and metaphysical, and through his prose work, but chiefly by his remarkable powers of conversation, he exerted a deep influence upon all who came in contact with him. He died on July 25th, 1834.

Miss Wordsworth's contemporary description is of interest: "He is a wonderful man. His conversation teems with soul, mind, and spirit. Then he is so benevolent, so good tempered and cheerful, and, like William, interests himself so much about every trifle. At first I thought him very plain—that is for about three minutes. He is pale, thin, has a wide mouth, thick lips, and not very good teeth, longish, loose-growing, half-curling, rough black hair. But if you hear him speak for five minutes, you think no more of them. His eye is large and full, and not very dark, but gray,

such an eye as would receive from a heavy soul the dullest expression ; but it speaks every emotion of his animated mind ; it has more of 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' than I have ever witnessed. He has fine, dark eyebrows and an overhanging forehead."

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

Born, October 21, 1772.

Enters at Christ's Hospital, July 18, 1782.

Residence at Jesus College, Cambridge, October, 1791.

Enlists in the King's Regiment of Light Dragoons, December 2, 1793.

Discharged from the army, April 10, 1794.

Visits Oxford and meets Southey, June, 1794.

Pantisocracy scheme, autumn, 1794.

Leaves Cambridge without a degree, December, 1794.

Settles at Bristol. Public lectures, January, 1795.

Marries Sarah Fricker, October 4, 1795.

Publishes first edition of poems, April, 1796.

Issues *The Watchman*, March 1 to May 13, 1796.

Hartley Coleridge born, September 19, 1796.

Settles at Nether Stowey, December 31, 1796.

Second edition of poems, June, 1797.

The Ancient Mariner begun, November 13, 1797 ; finished, March 23, 1798.

First part of *Christabel* begun, 1797.

Receives £150 annuity from the Wedgewoods, January, 1798.

Goes to Germany, September 16, 1798.

Returns from Germany, July, 1799.

Journalism with the *Morning Post*, December, 1799.

Translates Schiller's *Wallenstein*, spring, 1800.

Settles at Greta Hall, Keswick, July 24, 1800.

Second part of *Christabel*, autumn, 1800.

Studies German metaphysics, 1801.

Third edition of *Poems*, 1803.

Sails for Malta, April 9, 1804.

Travels in Sicily, August to November, 1804.

Resides in Rome, January to May, 1806.

Returns to England, August, 1806.

Begins to appear again as lecturer, 1808 and following years.

Settles at Allan Bank, Grasmere (with Wordsworth), September, 1808.

Issues *The Friend*, June 1, 1809, to March 15, 1810.

Settles at Hammersmith with the Morgans, November 3, 1810.

His tragedy *Remorse* at Drury Lane, January 23, 1813.

Settles with Mr. Gillman at Highgate, April 16, 1816.

Publication of *Christabel*, June, 1816.

Publication of *Biographia Literaria* and *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817.

The Friend revised and published, 1818.

Becomes "Royal Associate" of the Royal Society of Literature, May, 1824.

Publication of *Aids to Reflection*, May to June, 1825.

Tour on the Rhine with Wordsworth, June to July, 1828.

Revised edition of poetical works, 1829.

Publication of *Church and State*, 1830.

Death, July 25, 1834.

APPRECIATIONS

"No man has all the resources of poetry in such profusion. His fancy and diction would long ago have placed him above all his contemporaries had they been under the direction of a sound judgment and a steady will."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

"Of Coleridge's best verses I venture to affirm that the world has nothing like them, and can never have ; that they are of the highest kind and their own. An age that should neglect or forget Coleridge might neglect or forget any poet that ever lived. That may be said of him which can hardly be said of any but the greatest among men, that come what may to the world in course of time, it will never see his place filled."—*Algernon Charles Swinburne*.

"Yet Coleridge is, or may be reckoned a great poet, because ever now and then he captures in verse that indefinable emotion which is less articulately expressed in music, and in some unutterable way he transports us into the world of dream and desire. This is a very vague fashion of saying what hardly permits itself to be said. We might put it that Coleridge has, on occasion, the power to move us, as we are moved by the most rarely beautiful cosmic effects of magic lights and shadows ; by the silver on lakes for a chosen moment in the dawn of twilight ; by the fragrant deeps of dewy forests ; by sudden, infrequent passions of heart and memory ; and by unexpected potencies of imagination. What those things, and such things as these, can do in life, Coleridge can do in verse. His world becomes 'an unsubstantial fairy place,' and yet more real than the world of experience ; it is a place which we may have

remembered out of a previous life, or may have foreseen, in a glance of the not-ourselves in which we mysteriously move and have our being. Coleridge has, in brief, 'the key of the happy golden land,' but he seldom opens the portals that unfold themselves to the sound of his music.

'He on honey dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise,'

and therefore with music 'he builds that dome in air' of his pleasure-house. It is his possession of this gift, the rarest gift, that makes Coleridge great; his own consciousness could not tell whence the gift came, nor why it came so seldom."—*Andrew Lang*.

"*Kubla Khan* does not belong to human life, and it stands alone for melody in English poetry. Whenever Coleridge rises into this exquisite melody in its perfection, he also rises into that subtilized imaginative world of thought, half supernatural, half natural, which was special to him, and which pervades *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel* and a few other poems. The music and the sphere of the poem are partly beyond this world of ours. Yet in part they touch it."—*Rev. Stopford Brooke*.

"In precisely the same way, I suppose, as the best journalists—i. e., those that give the most vivid impressions of what they have seen to their readers—are men who have apparently devoted a wonderfully short space of time to their observation, so it would seem that for the writing of real sea poetry an extended acquaintance with maritime conditions is not merely unnecessary but hampering. I have come to this conclusion reluctantly but inevitably, for in common with all reading seafarers I have noticed that we may look in vain for sea poetry from sailors. Sailors have written verse, Falconer's

Shipwreck to wit, but between that peculiar poem and the marvellous majesty, profound insight, and truly amazing knowledge of deep sea secrets exhibited in *The Ancient Mariner* how great a gulf is fixed. "Only those who brave its dangers comprehend its mystery," rings true, and yet it is no less true that Longfellow, very little more of a sailor than Coleridge, has also interpreted the mystery of the mighty ocean in a manner (most sailors think) only second in true poetic power to that of Coleridge. To the well-read sailor—and there are far more of them than one would imagine—remembering the poverty of his literary output, Coleridge always stands easily highest, Longfellow next, and Byron next as the interpreters of the voices of the sea."—*F. T. Bullen*.

"It may be confidently said that Coleridge fills an unique position among English poets. The verbal felicities of his diction, and the strangeness and beauty of his imagination, are his most distinctive claims to greatness. Yet his verse rarely rises from mere melody to the higher regions of poetic harmony. His instrument is a flute of incredible sweetness, but the organ roll of Milton gives forth a deeper and a richer sound. Again, his imaginative vision is unique, but it is at the same time abnormal and limited in range. He has not the emotional fervor which lyrical poetry demands, and his odes are the outcome rather of intellectual conviction than of passion. *The Ode to Dejection*, which draws its inspiration from the intensity of his despair, is the only poem in which we hear the genuine lyrical cry. His dramas are not successful, for he lacked constructive ability, and his metaphysical views of life disturbed his vision."—*Peiham Edgar*.

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Facile credo, plures esse Naturas invisibiles quam visibiles in rerum universitate. Sed horum omnium familiam quis nobis enarrabit, et gradus et cognationes et discrimina et singulorum munera? Quid agunt? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum notitiam semper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunquam attigit. Juvat, interea, non dissiteor, quandoque in animo, tamquam in tabula, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari : ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes. Sed veritati interea invigilandum est, modusque servandus, ut certa ab incertis, diem a nocte, distinguamus.

T. BURNET, *Archæol. Phil.*, p. 68.

ARGUMENT.

How a Ship having passed the Line was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole ; and how from thence she made her course to the tropical Latitude of the Great Pacific Ocean ; and of the strange things that befell ; and in what manner the Ancyent Marinere came back to his own Country. [1798.]

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER IN SEVEN PARTS

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.

"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are open wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,

"There was a ship," quoth he.

"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"

Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

An ancient
Mariner
meeteth
three trial-
hunts madden
to a wed-
ding feast,
and detain-
eth one.

9

10

1. The abrupt opening is characteristic of ballad poetry.
3. **glittering**. Show the appropriateness of the word. Note the method of indirect description.
7. Note the internal rime. Point out other examples. Observe the effectiveness of the contrast expressed in the opening stanzas—worldly joy on the one hand, spiritual mystery on the other.

10-12. Note the rich rime, *he: he*.

12. **Eftsoons** = *soon after, forthwith*.

(19.)

The Wedding-Guest
is spellbound
by the eye of
the old sea-
faring man,
and con-
strained to
hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The Mariner
tells how
the ship
sailed south-
ward with
good wind
and fair
weather, till
it reached
the Line.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

13. **He holds**, etc. The mesmeric spell is complete, and there is no longer need to hold him with his hand, as in line 9.

15, 16. Contributed by Wordsworth.

18. **hear**. Loose rimes as *hear: mariner* are a common license in popular ballads. Point out other examples. Compare lines 38-40 for a repetition of lines 18-20 (another ballad characteristic). See also lines 588-590 for a recurrence to the same idea.

20. **The bright-eyed Mariner**. Epithets and figures are of the simplest and most conventional character in the old ballads. Is *bright-eyed* mere y conventional here?

21. **drop**. Here used in the nautical sense—to put out to sea with the ebbing tide.

25 f. Simplicity is the prevailing quality in Coleridge's descriptions.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
 Red as a rose is she;
 Nodding their heads before her goes
 The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest
 heareth the
 bridal music;
 35 but the
 Mariner
 continueth
 his tale.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
 Yet he cannot choose but hear;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

40

"And now the Storm-blast came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong:
 He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
 And chased us south along.

The ship
 driven by a
 storm to-
 wards the
 south pole.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
 As who pursued with yell and blow
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,
 And forward bends his head,
 The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
 And southward aye we fled.

45

50

And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold:
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald.

37. **The Wedding-Guest he beat.** In the ballads, the repetition of the subject was not uncommon; e. g.,

"Our king he kept a false stewardie."

Sir Aldingar, line 1 (*Percy's Reliques*).

45. **With sloping masts.** Analyze the figure in this stanza, and develop its full force.

46. **As who pursued.** Supply the antecedent. Its omission is archaic. *Cf.*:

"As who should say 'I am Sir Oracle.'"

Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, I, i.

52-54. **cold: emerald.** 1798 edition, *could: emerauld*.

The land of
ice, and of
fearful
sounds,
where no
living thing
was to be
seen.

55 And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
66 The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

Till a great
sea-bird,
called the
Albatross,
came
through the
snow-fog
and was re-
ceived with
great joy and
hospitality.

At length did come an Albatross:
Thorough the fog it came;
65 As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
70 The helmsman steered us through!

And lo! the
Albatross
proveh a
bird of good
omen, and
followeth
the ship as

And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

55. **And through the drifts.** The probable meaning is that the snow-capped icebergs sent a dreary light through the drifting mist and snow, or shed a 'dismal sheen' upon the drifting ice-packs.—**the snowy clifts.** *Clifts* is a secondary form of *cliffs*, and probably influenced by *clift*, a secondary form of *cleft*.

56. **sheen.** Derive the word. Cf. line 314 for its use as an adjective.

57. **ken** = *to see*. More commonly a noun.

61. Note the onomatopœic effect.

64. **Thorough** = *through*. Cf. *thoroughfare*.

69. **thunder-fit.** A noise resembling thunder.

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke
white,

75 it returned
northward,
through fog
and floating
ice

Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! -
Why look'st thou so?"---"With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross.

The ancient
Mariner
80 inhospitably
killeth the
pious bird of
good omen.

PART II

The sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

85

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

90

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe:
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow!

His ship-
mates cry
out against
the ancient
Mariner, for
killing the
bird of good
luck.

76. *vespers* = *evenings*. Latin *vesper*, evening star, evening.
(*Cf.*: "Black vesper's pageants."

Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV, xiv, 8.

77. *Whiles*. (*Cf.* the adverbial "s" of *eftsoons*, line 12. It is an archaic ballad form.

79. *God save thee*. The dramatic force of the interruption gives added intensity to the confession wrung from the Mariner. What does the story gain by the character of the Wedding Guest?

83. *The Sun now rose*. The course of the vessel is indicated by the same poetic expedient as above in lines 25 f.

63 Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

But when
the fog
cleared off,
they justify
the same,
and thus
make them-
selves ac-
complices in
the crime

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious Sun uprist;
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair
breeze con-
tinues; the
ship enters
the Pacific
Ocean, and
sails north-
ward, even
until it
reaches the
Line.

The ship
hath been
suddenly
becalmed.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
105 We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
110 The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

115 Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;

97. **head.** State the grammatical relation of this word. Why did the sun previously rise "dim and red"?

98. **uprist** *uprose*. A Chaucerian form, and usually employed as a substantive.

101. The crew render themselves accomplices in crime.

103 f. Note the alliteration throughout this stanza.

107. **the sails dropt down.** This does not mean that they were lowered, for see lines 311, 312.

111-115. Note the accuracy and minuteness of the observation.

115. **Day after day.** What force does the repetition give to this passage? Cf. lines 119, 121, 125, 143 f., etc.

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

And the
Albatross
120 begins to be
avenged.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

125

About, about, reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

130

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so:
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

A Spirit had
followed
them; one of
the invisible
inhabitants
of this plan-
et, neither
deported
souls nor

angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

135

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!

The Ship-
mates in
140 their sore

120. And all the boards. *And* is here equivalent to *and yet*.
Cf.: "Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?"
Shakespeare, *Richard III*, II, i.

133. fathom. Parse.

distress
would I am
throw the
whole guilt
on the
ancient
Mariner in
sight whereof
they took
the dead sea-
bird round
his neck.

Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
145 A weary time! a weary time!

The ancient
Mariner
beholdeth a
sign in the
element afar
off.

How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
150 And then it seemed a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
155 As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer
approach, it
seemeth him
to be a ship;
and at a dear
ransom he
freeth his
speech from
the bonds of
thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
160 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood.
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:

152. wist = know. (Cf. *I to 2.1*)

155. dodged. Comment on the use of the word here. Is it dignified? What, in brief, is Wordsworth's theory of poetic diction? water-sprite. *Spirit* is a denotat of *spirit*.

157. with black lips baked. Explain the appropriateness of the labials.

Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

A flash of
joy,
165

See! See! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

And horror
follows
For can it
be a ship
that comes
onward
170 without
wind or tide?

The western wave was all aflame,
The day was well-nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly 175
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

It seemeth
him but the
skeleton of
a ship.

180

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?

And its ribs
are seen as
if
through a grate.

164. **Gramercy** = French *grand merci*, great thanks. An exclamation expressive of gratitude mingled with surprise.

166. **As they**. Supply the ellipsis.

170. **She steadies**, etc. She sails on in even keel.

179, 180. Develop the force of the simile.

182. **How fast**, etc. The repetition expresses the rapid approach of the phantom ship.

184. **gossameres** = fine-spun cobwebs. Literally = goose-sumner, alluding to the downy appearance of the film, and to the time of its appearance.

185 f. The gruesomeness of detail in the 1798 text was largely eliminated in the revision.

setting Sun
The Spectre-woman
and her
Death-
mate, and
no other on
board the
spectre-
ship.

Like a vessel
like a crew

Death and
Life have
died for the
ship's crew,
and she
(the latter)
winneeth the
ancient
Maiden.

Now twilight
within the
courts of the
Sun.

At the rising
of the Moon,

And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that woman's mate?

12 Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

17 The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
'The game is done! I've won! I've won!'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:

At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
205 My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed
white;
From the sails the dew did drip -
Till clomb above the eastern bar
210 The hornèd Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

198. and whistles thrice. Whistling at sea brings on a storm, according to the superstition.

199, 200. The sudden closing in of night within the tropics is magnificently described in two brief lines.

204, 205. Fear at my heart, etc. Discuss the trope.

211. Within the nether tip. What poetic license exists here?

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

One after
another.

215

Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

His ship-
mates drop
down dead.

The souls did from their bodies fly
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!"

220 But Life-in-
Death
begins her
work on
the ancient
Mariner.

PART IV

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

The Wed-
ding-Guest
225 feareth that
a Spirit is
talking to
him;

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."—

212 *by* = *under*.

213. **Too quick.** This has been explained according to its original meaning of "living," as in the expression "the quick and the dead." Anglo-Saxon *cwic*. It seems better to take it in its usual sense—*swiftly*, and to supply an ellipsis, such as, "they tell too *quick* for groan or sigh."

217. **Four times fifty.** A poetic periphrasis.

218. **thump: lump.** What is the effect of the rhyme?

223. **my cross-bow.** The events of the poem did not therefore occur after the sixteenth century. The souls in leaving the bodies make an angry sound in the Mariner's guilty ears.

224 **I fear thee, etc.** Compare the Wedding-Guest's interruptions now with those at the outset.

226, 227. Contributed by Wordsworth.

For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
the sky

Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they:
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

But the
curse liveth
for him in
the eye of
the dead
men.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

251

The moving Moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

In his lone-
liness and
fixedness he
yearneth
toward the
waning
Moon, and
the stars
that still see

journ, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,

254. **reek.** Literally, *smoke*, but here probably *smell*. Cf. German *riechen*, to smell.

261. **Seven days**, etc. **Seven** is a mystic number.

263 f. Do these lines, which attribute a healing power to Nature, correspond with the view expressed in the *Ode to Dejection* especially stanza iv?

267-281. These lines show a strong romantic feeling for color. Who are the great masters of color in English poetry? What other fine color effects are there in this poem?

170 The charmed water burnt away
A still and awful red.

By the light
of the Moon
he beholdeth
under crea-
tures of the
great calm

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
275 And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
280 They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty
and their
happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,

He bleaseth 285
them in his
heart.

And I blessed them unaware!
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

The spell
begins to
break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free

290 The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!

270. **charmed.** Latin *carmen*. Explain the force of the word here in connection with its derivation.

271. **red.** What is the syntactical relation of this word?

282 f. Sympathy redeems the original offence of cruelty.

290. **The Albatross fell off.** With what may this be compared in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*?

She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.

295

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained.

By grace of
the holy
Mother, the
ancient
Mariner is
refreshed
300 with rain.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

305

And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

He heareth
sounds
310 and seeth
strange
sights and
commotions
in the sky
and the
element.

The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about !
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

315

297. **silly** = *blessed*. Shortened from early modern English *seely*, German *selig*.

300. **And when**, etc. Observe the metrical movement of this line.

303. **drunken**. Archaic as participle.

309 f. These strange commotions in Nature portend the re-animation of the lifeless bodies.

314. **fire-flags**. Poetical and archaic for *lightning*. —**sheen**. See line 56, note.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge;
 320 And the rain poured down from one black
 cloud;
 The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The Moon was at its side:
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 325 The lightning tell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

The bodies
 of the ship's
 crew are in-
 spired and
 the ship
 moves on.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on!
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon
 330 The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen those dead men rise.

335 The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;
 Yet never a breeze up blew;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
 340 We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me knee to knee:

318-326. c.f. the peaceful scene of 367 f

321. **The Moon**, etc. Note the effective contrast.

322. **The thick**, etc. Comment on the verbal harmony of this line.

324-326. Discuss these lines as to meaning and form.

330-344. Note the intensity of the realism.

The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"

"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!

'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—they dropped their ³⁵⁰
arms,

And clustered round the mast:

Sweet sounds rose slowly through their
mouths,

And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,

Then darted to the Sun;

Slowly the sounds came back again,

Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky

I heard the sky-lark sing;

Sometimes all little birds that are,

How they seemed to fill the sea and air

With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,

Now like a lonely flute;

And now it is an angel's song,

That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on

A pleasant noise till noon.

345 But not by
the souls of
the men, nor
by daemons
of earth or
middle air,
but by a
blessed
troop of an-
gelic spirits,
sent down
by the in-
vocation of
the guard-
ian saint.

355

360

365

362. *jargoning*. Old French *jargon*, the singing of birds.

367-372. These lines, with their gentle melody, reveal Coleridge's power over the musical resources of our language. The words themselves have the murmuring flow of a hidden

A noise like of a hidden brook
 370 In the leafy month of June,
 That to the sleeping woods all night
 Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
 Yet never a breeze did breathe:
 375 Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
 Moved onward from beneath.

The me-
 some spirit
 from the
 south pole
 carries on
 the ship as
 far as the
 Line, in
 obedience to
 the angelic
 troop, but
 still requireth
 vengeance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
 From the land of mist and snow,
 The spirit slid: and it was he
 380 That made the ship to go.
 The sails at noon left off their tune,
 And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,
 Had fixed her to the ocean:
 385 But in a minute she 'gan stir,
 With a short uneasy motion
 Backwards and forwards half her length
 With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
 390 She made a sudden bound;
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

The Polar
 Spirit's fel-
 low-demons,
 the invisible
 inhabitants

How long in that same fit I lay,
 I have not to declare;
 395 But ere my living life returned,

brook. The peacefulness and continuity of the ship's motion
 could not be more felicitously described

382. The South Polar Spirit can go no further.

394. I have not, etc. I have not power to.

395. living life. In contrast with his former life in Death.

I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'Is it he?' quoth one, 'Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel blow he laid full low,
The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'

of the ele-
ment take
part in his
wrong, and
twisted them
round one
torture
other that
penance
long and
heavy for
the ancient
Manner
hath been
accorded
to the Polar
Spirit, who
returneth
southward.

405

PART VI

FIRST VOICE

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the Ocean doing?'

410

SECOND VOICE

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast -

415

397. **Two voices.** These voices probably represent Justice and Mercy. Justify this statement.

407. **honey-dew.** Drops of sugary substance found on the leaves and stems of plants.

COLERIDGE

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grin
120 See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE

The Mariner
hath been
cast into a
trance, for
the angelic
power caus-
eth the ves-
sel to drive
onward
faster than
human life
could en-
dure.

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE

'The air is cut away before,
425 And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

The Super- 430
natural
motion is
retarded;
the Mariner
awakes, and
his penance
begins anew

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:

'Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high,
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
435 For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:

440 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse
is finally
expiated.

And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,

And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

445

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

450

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

455

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

460

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

And the
ancient
465 Mariner
beholdeth
his native
country

452. But soon, etc. Compare this with the wind described in lines 309 f.

457. Like a meadow-gale of spring. A sea-image redolent of the land and memories of home. Write a note on the descriptions of Nature in this poem.

458. It mingled strangely, etc. The Mariner is not quite sure whether to dread this wind or not. He remembers his former experience.

464 f. Compare lines 21 f. The evolution of the poem is completed.

We drifted o'er the harbor-bar,
 And I with sobs did pray
 470 O let me be awake, my God!
 Or let me sleep alway.

The harbor-bay was clear as glass,
 So smoothly it was strewn!
 And on the bay the moonlight lay,
 475 And the shadow of the Moon.

The rock shone bright, the mark no less,
 That stands above the rock:
 The moonlight steeped in silentness
 The steady weathercock.

480 And the bay was white with silent light,
 Till rising from the same,
 Full many shapes, that shadows were,
 In crimson colors came.

The angelic
 spirits leave
 the dead
 bodies.

And appear
 in their own
 forms of
 light

A little distance from the prow
 485 Those crimson shadows were:
 I turned my eyes upon the deck
 Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
 And, by the holy rood!
 490 A man all light, a seraph-man,
 On every corse there stood.

478. **steeped in silentness.** The peacefulness of this scene, in marked contrast with the unrest which had gone before, is reiterated in the next line of this stanza, and in the stanza which follows, e.g., line 479, **The steady weathercock**, and line 480, **with silent light**.

482, 483.

that shadows were
 In crimson colors.

Note the forcible antithesis. Point out other examples of verbal antithesis in *The Ancient Mariner*, and of color contrasts in general.

489. **And, by the holy rood!** A ballad oath. **rood** = cross.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand :
 It was a heavenly sight !
 They stood as signals to the land,
 Each one a lovely light ;

405

This seraph-band, each waved his hand ;
 No voice did they impart -
 No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
 I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
 My head was turned perforce away,
 And I saw a boat appear.

400

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
 I heard them coming fast :
 Dear Lord in Heaven ! it was a joy
 The dead men could not blast.

309

I saw a third—I heard his voice :
 It is the Hermit good !
 He singeth loud his godly hymns
 That he makes in the wood.
 He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
 The Albatross's blood.

515

PART VII

This Hermit good lives in that wood
 Which slopes down to the sea.

The Hermit
 of the
 515 Wood.

502. **My head**, etc. The angelic power constrained him

512. **shrieve**. An obsolete form of *absolve*.

Part VII. The transition is made to normal conditions.

514. **This Hermit good**. It is especially appropriate that the Mariner's sin should be absolved by one enveloped in such sanctity. The student should indicate by reference to the text the character which Coleridge intended to bestow upon the Hermit.

How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
 He loves to talk with mariners
 That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
 520 He hath a cushion plump :
 It is the moss that wholly hides
 The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared : I heard them talk,
 'Why this is strange, I trow !'
 525 Where are those lights so many and fair,
 That signal made but now ?

Approacheth
 the ship with
 her crew

'Strange, by my faith !' the Hermit said—
 'And they answered not our cheer !'
 The planks look warped ! and see those sails
 530 How thin they are and sere !
 I never saw aught like to them,
 Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 My forest brook along ;
 535 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
 That eats the she-wolf's young.'

519-522. Develop the ironical force of this stanza.

525. **Where are**, etc. Cf. lines 494, 495.

530. **How thin**, etc. Cf. line 312.

532. Observe the *enjambement* or run-on line from one stanza to the next.

533. **Brown skeletons**, etc. Show how this simile is especially natural here. How do lines 535-537 affect the simile ?

535. **Ivy-tod**. A thick bush, usually of ivy.

537. **That eats**. What is the antecedent of "that" ?

'Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
 (The Pilot made reply)
 I am a-feared'—'Push on, push on!'
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

540

The boat came closer to the ship,
 But I nor spake nor stirred;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard.

545

Under the water it rumbled on,
 Still louder and more dread:
 It reached the ship, it split the bay;
 The ship went down like lead.

The ship
 suddenly
 sinketh.

Stunned by the loud and dreadful sound,
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned
 My body lay afloat;
 But swift as dreams, myself I found
 Within the Pilot's boat.

550 The ancient
 Mariner is
 saved in the
 Pilot's boat.

555

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
 The boat spun round and round;
 And all was still, save that the hill
 Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips-- the Pilot shrieked
 And fell down in a fit;

560

540. *a-feared*. Distinguish carefully by derivations *a-feared* and *afraid*.

549. *The ship went down like lead*. This line is a striking example at once of the simplicity and economy of Coleridge's diction. A reference to the introduction will show that the original vice of his style was turgidity and diffuseness. Was Coleridge justified in thus getting rid of his ship?

558, 559. *And all was still*, etc. This is a Wordsworthian touch. Examine the passages in this poem which describe sound. Do they argue delicacy of perception?

The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars : the Pilot's boy,
94 Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
'Ha, ha !' quoth he, 'full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.'

50 And now, all in my own ccountree,
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient
Mariner
earnest-
ly entreateth
the Hermit
to shrieve
him, and the
penance of
his fall on
him

'O, shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
'Say quick,' quoth he, 'I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou ?'

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,

52 Which forced me to begin my tale ;
And then it left me free.

And ever
and anon
throughout
his future
life an agony
constraineth
him to travel
from land to
land.

Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns ;

And till my ghastly tale is told,

55 This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land ;

I have strange power of speech ;

504-507. **I took the oars.** etc. We have here one of the many inimitable touches in the poem. The quiet unobtrusive line, which tells of the Pilot's boy, "who now doth crazy go," reveals with startling force the terrifying aspect of the Mariner.

586. Discuss the simile.

That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me :
To him my tale I teach.

590

What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The Wedding-Guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are :
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !

595

O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

600

O, sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,

605

591. **What loud uproar**, etc. Walter Pater observed that the unity of *The Ancient Mariner* was "secured in part by the skill with which the incidents of the marriage feast are made to break in dreamily from time to time upon the main story." Can you assign any further significance to the recurrence of these sounds of marriage festival?

595, 596. **And hark**, etc. What do these lines indicate with reference to *The Ancient Mariner*?

597-600. **O Wedding Guest!** etc. Develop the significance of these lines.

601-617. **O sweeter**, etc. On the basis of these lines, and by reference to the poem as a whole, comment upon the *human* character of the ancient Mariner himself. Keep in mind Wordsworth's opinion, in his comments on this poem, to the effect that the Mariner possesses no definite character, whether in his human or nautical capacity.

Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Acute 60 Farewell, farewell! But this I tell
True 61 To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!
62 He prayeth well, who loveth well
Every man and kind and beast,
63

He prayeth best, who loveth best
64 All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Manner, whose eye is bright,
Whose forehead and whose eyes are beat,
65 Is gone—and now the Wedding-Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door,

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is 'forever senseless and dumb:
66 A saddle and a white man,
67 He rose the morrow morn.

1797-1798

614. **He prayeth best, etc.** Coleridge expresses a sincere thought in these lines.

"There is only one true and perfect Mind,
Omniscient, He made the world and all that's in it.
Truth of subliming power, with the which
Who teaches and creates the constant soul
He made his sacred spirit, and all that's in it,
With his spirit and his power, from him all the fire,
Stands rather than it, and yet it is a part of it,
Views all creation, and all that's in it,
And sees it all, and loves it all, and all that's in it."

623. **forlorn.** *Deprived.* Archaic in this sense.

631. **sadder.** What is the force of this word here?

NOTES ON THE ANCIENT MARINER

The poem was first printed anonymously in the first edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798, with the title, *The Rime of the Ancient Marinere, in Seven Parts*, and a brief prose argument prefixed. The second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*, 1800, contained many important alterations in the text, besides a consistent modernizing of the antiquated spelling. The Argument was extended as follows: "How a Ship having first sailed to the Equator, was driven by storms to the cold Country towards the South Pole; how the Ancient Mariner, cruelly and in contempt of the laws of hospitality, killed a Sea-bird; and how he was followed by many strange Judgments; and in what manner he came back to his own Country." The poem was again reprinted in *Lyrical Ballads*, 1802 and 1805, without much change from the text of 1800, but with the omission of the Argument. Further changes were made in the poem before its next appearance in the *Sibylline Leaves*, 1817, when the marginal gloss and the motto from Burnet were also added. Subsequent editions before and after the poet's death contained no modifications worthy of note.

Facile Credo, etc. "I can easily believe that there are more Invisible than Visible beings in the Universe, . . . but who shall declare to us the family of all these, and acquaint us with the Agreements, Differences, and peculiar Talents which are to be found among them? [What is their work? Where are their dwelling-places?] It is true, Human Wit has always desired a knowledge of these things, though it has never yet attained it.

. . . I will own that it is very profitable, sometimes to contemplate in the Mind, as in a Draught, the Image of the greater and better World; lest the Soul, being accustomed to the Trifles of this present Life, should contract itself too much, and altogether rest

in mean Cogitations; but, in the mean Time, we must take Care to keep to the Truth, and observe Moderation, that we may distinguish Certain from Uncertain Things, and Day from night."

The origin of *The Ancient Mariner* was described by Wordsworth to Miss Fenwick as follows: "In the autumn of 1797 [November] he (Coleridge), my sister, and myself started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon with a view to visit Linton and the Valley of Stones, near to it. Accordingly we set off and proceeded along the Quantock Hills towards Watchet, and in the course of this walk was planned the poem of *The Ancient Mariner*, founded on a dream, as Mr. Coleridge said, of his friend Mr. Crickshank. Much the greatest part of the story was Mr. Coleridge's invention, but certain parts I suggested; for example, some crime was to be committed which should bring upon the Old Navigator, as Coleridge afterwards delighted to call him, the spectral persecution, as a consequence of that crime and his own wanderings. I had been reading in Shelvocke's *Voyages* a day or two before that, while doubling Cape Horn, they frequently saw albatrosses in that latitude, the largest sort of sea-fowl, some extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet. 'Suppose,' said I, 'you represent him as having killed one of these birds on entering the South Sea, and that the tutelary spirits of these regions take upon them to avenge the crime.' The incident was thought fit for the purpose and adopted accordingly. I also suggested the navigation of the ship by the dead men, but do not recollect that I had anything more to do with the scheme of the poem. The gloss with which it was subsequently accompanied was not thought of by either of us at the time, at least not a hint of it was given to me, and I have no doubt it was a gratuitous afterthought. We began the composition together on that, to me, memorable evening. I furnished two or three lines at the beginning of the poem, in particular,

A little, or a very little child
That Mr. Cole had sew'd.

"These trifling contributions, all but one, which Mr. Coleridge has with unnecessary scrupulosity recorded, slipped out of his mind, as well they might. As we endeavored to proceed conjointly (I speak of the same evening), our respective manners proved so widely different that it would have been quite presump-

tuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog.

For Coleridge's more philosophical account of the genesis of the poem we must turn to the fourteenth chapter of the *Biographia Literaria*.

"During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbors, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry, the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of Nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colors of the imagination. The sudden change, which accidents of light and shade, which moonlight or sunsets diffused over a known and familiar landscape, appeared to represent the practicability of combining both. These are the poetry of Nature. The thought suggested itself (to which, once I had once effected, that a series of poems might be composed of two sorts. In the one, the incidents and the agents were to be, in part at least, supernatural; and the excellence aimed at was to consist in the interesting of the affections by the dramatic truth of such emotions as would naturally accompany such situations, supposing them real. And real in this sense they have been to every human being, who, from whatever source of delusion, has at any time believed himself under supernatural agency. For the second class, subjects were to be chosen from ordinary life; the characters and incidents were to be such as well be found in every village and its vicinity where there is a meditative and feeling mind to seek after them, or to notice them when they present themselves.

"In this idea originated the plan of the *Lyrical Ballads*, in which it was agreed that my endeavors should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic; yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. Mr. Wordsworth, on the other hand, was to propose to himself to select subjects, to give the charm of novelty to things of every day, and to excite a feeling analogous to the supernatural, by awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom, and directing it to the lowly and the wonders of the world before us, in which still more is to be found for

which, in consequence of the film of familiarity and selfish solicitude, we have eyes, yet see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that neither feel nor understand.

"With this view I wrote the *The Ancient Mariner*, and was preparing among other poems, the *Dark Ladie* and the *Christabel*, in which I should have more nearly realized my ideal than I had done in my first attempt. But Mr. Wordsworth's industry had proved so much more successful and the number of his poems so much greater, that my compositions, instead of forming a balance, appeared rather an interpolation of heterogeneous matter. Mr. Wordsworth added two or three poems, written in his own character, in the impassioned, lofty, and sustained diction which is characteristic of his genius. In this form the *Lyrical Ballads* were published."

We thus observe the serious aim which stimulated the poet to the production of *The Ancient Mariner*. We do indeed receive the further hint that the immediate stimulus was the desire to earn five pounds, but that fact hardly comes within the scope of a literary inquiry. The external suggestions are very interesting. The dream of Coleridge's friend Cruikshank is responsible for the phantom ship; Wordsworth's suggestion, based upon a passage in Shelvocke's *Voyages*, is responsible for the albatross; and Wordsworth again claims responsibility for the navigation of the ship by dead men. Cruikshank's dream has faded beyond power of recovery, but Shelvocke's *Voyage round the World* is still sufficiently easy of access. The passage describing the coast of Patagonia is as follows: "These (Pintado birds) were accompanied by *Albatrosses*, the largest sort of sea-fowl some of them extending their wings twelve or thirteen feet." The superstitious fear attaching to the albatross as a bird of ill omen is described in another passage. Cape Horn has been rounded and Captain Shelvocke continues as follows: "One would think it impossible that anything living could subsist in so rigid a climate; and indeed we all observed that we had not had the sight of one fish of any kind, since we were come to the southward of the straits of *le Mair*, nor one sea-bird, except a disconsolate black *Albatross*, who accompanied us for several days, hovering about us as if lost himself, till Hatley (my second Captain), observing, in one of his melancholy fits, that the bird was always hovering near us, imagined from its color, that it might be some ill omen. That

which, I suppose, induced him the more to encourage his superstition, was the continued series of contrary tempestuous winds which had oppress'd us ever since we had got into this sea. But be that as it would, after some fruitless attempts, at length, he shot the *Albatross*, not doubting (perhaps) that we should have a fair wind after it."

We may accept Wordsworth's statement that he suggested to Coleridge the navigation of the mariner's ship by dead men. But the idea of revivifying them by a troop of angelic spirits was, according to a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1853, borrowed from a tale of shipwreck narrated by Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in the fourth century. The old sailor of the story was a solitary survivor of a ship's crew. He lived in great peril and agony alone upon the sea for many days; but forthwith the ship was navigated by a "crew of angels," and "steered by the Pilot of the World to the Lucanian shore"; the fishermen there saw a crew, whom they took for soldiers, and fled, but returned again when the old man showed them that he was alone and towed him into harbor.

Finally, the *Athenæum* for March 15th, 1890, contains a review of a book by Mr. Ivor James, *The Source of the Ancient Mariner*. The claim is here urged that Coleridge owed a great deal, especially in the nature of description, to an old book by a Captain Thomas James called the *Strange and Dangerous Voyage in his intended Discovery of the Northwest Passage into the South Sea*: London, 1633. Mr. Dykes Campbell considers it probable that Coleridge did, in fact, casually consult this book, and in the notes reference will be made to the possible borrowings, slight though they are. It is curious that this old book, contains the idea of being brought home in a dream or trance, but this point Mr. James has overlooked. "For mine owne part, I give no credit to them at all; and as little to the vicious, and abusive wits of later *Portingals* and *Spaniards*: who never speak of; y difficulties (i. e., in returning from the South Sea): as shoalde water, ice, nor sight of land: but *as if they had been brought home in a dreame or engine*." In this connection, Mr. Dykes Campbell refers to Part VI of *The Ancient Mariner*, and quotes the marginal gloss: "The Mariner hath been cast into a trance: for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life could endure."

The Ancient Mariner was a puzzle to the critics of Coleridge's day, and a perplexing problem even to his own friends. Southey, impatient of its element of the marvellous, called it in *The Critical Review* "a Dutch attempt at German sublimity." *The New Monthly* characterized it as "the strangest cock and bull story that ever we saw." Wordsworth laid the blame on it for the failure of the *Lyrical Ballads*, and upon Coleridge's desire to withdraw it from the second edition wrote the following patronizing note:

Note to the Ancient Mariner. "I can not refuse myself the gratification of informing such Readers as may have been pleased with this Poem, or with any part of it, that they owe their pleasure in some sort to me; as the Author was himself very desirous that it should be suppressed. This wish had arisen from a consciousness of the defects of the Poem, and from a knowledge that many persons have been much displeased with it. The Poem of my Friend has indeed great defects; first that the principal person has no distinct character, either in his profession of Mariner, or as a human being, who having been long under the control of supernatural impressions, might be supposed himself to partake of something supernatural; secondly, that he does not act, but is continually acted upon; thirdly, that the events, having no necessary connection, do not produce each other; and lastly, that the imagery is somewhat too laboriously accumulated. Yet the Poem contains many delicate touches of passion, and indeed the passion is everywhere true to nature; a great number of the stanzas present beautiful images, and are expressed with unusual felicity of language; and the versification, tho' the metre is itself unfit for long poems, is harmonious and artfully varied, exhibiting the utmost powers of that metre, and every variety of which it is capable. It therefore appeared to me that these several merits (the first of which, namely, that of the passion, is of the highest kind) gave to the Poem a value which is not often possessed by better Poems. On this account I requested of my Friend to permit me to republish it."

This complacent criticism drew from Lamb the following letter by way of rebuke:

"For me I was never so affected with any human tale. After first reading it I was totally possessed with it for many days. I dislike all the miraculous part of it, but the feelings of the man

under the operation of such scenery dragged me along like Tom Pipe's magic whistle. I totally differ from your idea that the Mariner should have had a character and profession. This is a beauty in *Gulliver's Travels*, where the mind is kept in a placid state of little wonderments; but the Ancient Mariner undergoes such trials as overwhelm and bury all individuality or memory of what he was—like the state of a man in a bad dream, one terrible peculiarity of which is, that all consciousness of personality is gone. Your other observation is, I think as well, a little unfounded. The Mariner, from being conversant in supernatural events, has acquired a supernatural and strange cast of phrase, eye appearance, etc., which frighten the wedding guest. You will excuse my remarks, because I am hurt and vexed that you should think it necessary, with a prose apology, to open the eyes of dead men that cannot see."

PART I

The struggle of the Wedding-Guest against the overmastering influence of the Mariner is here depicted, and the ultimate surrender to his magnetic sway. Sounds from the outer world obtrude themselves in the opening stanzas, but before the close they fall idly on the ears of the Wedding-Guest. The spell of the weird story is upon him. An exquisite poetic effect is gained in lines 30 f. by the image of the bride as she paced into the hall: but the spell remains unbroken. It will be observed that the interruptions of the Wedding-Guest at the outset are impatient, and for the purpose of thwarting the narrative. The interruptions which follow are the result of fear and fascination.

We need not spoil the simple beauty of the poem by the premature intrusion of philosophical interpretations. Let the student first read the poem for the delight in reading it, and when the hour for reflection comes an added pleasure will doubtless accrue, for some minds at least, from the discovery of hidden spiritual meanings, even at the risk of making the poem more difficult than it was meant to be. For a brief discussion of this question of philosophical significance, see opening note to Part VII.

1. **ancient.** The word usually suggests time long past. In the poem the action probably relates to a remote period, but the

word itself here rather refers to the advanced age of the narrator - the Old Navigator, as Coleridge loved to call him. "It was a delicate thought to put the weird tale, not into the author's own mouth, but into that of an ancient mariner, who relates it with dreamy recollection." Brandl, page 102.

2. **one of three.** Three and seven are mystic numbers, and seem for that reason adopted throughout the poem; e.g.:

"And listens like a three years' child." (Line 15.)

"Quoth she, and whistles thrice." (Line 108.)

"Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse." (Line 261.)

3. **By thy long gray beard.** Observe the art of this indirect description involved in the progress of the narrative. Compare other instances of personal description in the poem, especially lines 79 f., where the agony on the Mariner's face is reflected in the terrified words of the Wedding-Guest. The custom of swearing by the beard is not uncommon in old literature.

Touch. "Swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art."

Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, I, ii.

11. **loon.** Not to be confused with *loon* (a corruption of *loom*), the name of an aquatic bird. This is the explanation usually given. Our present word is Middle English *lowne*, meaning "a stupid fellow." Cf.

"The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!"

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, V, iii.

13. **He holds him,** etc. Observe the repetition of the phrase, *He holds him*, from line 9, and notice the constant effective repetitions throughout. Repetition is extremely common in ballad literature, but even in other poems than *The Ancient Mariner* it had developed into a mannerism with Coleridge. Compare also Edgar Allan Poe.

21 f. For the joyousness of a ship's departure compare Tennyson's *The Voyage*.

The evolution of Coleridge's poem is very perfect. In line 465 the return to the old familiar landmarks brings joy to the old man's heart:

"Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?"

23. **kirk.** This is the northern form still surviving in Scotland of the Anglo-Saxon *cyric*, which became *church* in Midland and Southern English. It is significant, in view of the occasional touches of Northern dialect in *The Ancient Mariner*, to note that the borderland was the primitive home of the ballad. "There is scarcely an old historical song or ballad, wherein a minstrel or harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been 'of the north countrye.'"—Percy, *Essay on the Ancient Minstrelsy*.

25 f. Note the naked simplicity of this description. Lowell has very ably analyzed the charm of Coleridge's descriptions in the following passage, the excellence of which is an excuse for its length: "Coleridge has taken the old ballad measure and given to it, by an indefinable charm wholly his own, all the sweetness, all the melody and compass of a symphony. And how picturesque it is in the proper sense of the word. I know nothing like it. There is not a description in it. It is all picture. Descriptive poets generally confuse us with multiplicity of detail; we can not see their forest for the trees; but Coleridge never errs in this way. With instinctive tact he touches the right chord of association, and is satisfied, as we also are. I should find it hard to explain the singular charm of his diction, there is so much nicety of art and purpose in it, whether for music or meaning. Nor does it need any explanation, for we all feel it. The words seem common words enough, but in the order of them, in the choice, variety, and position of the vowel sounds, they become magical. The most decrepit vocable in the language throws away its crutches to dance and sing at his piping. I can not think it a personal peculiarity, but a matter of universal experience, that more bits of Coleridge have imbedded themselves in my memory than of any other poet who delighted my youth unless I should except the sonnets of Shakespeare. This argues perfectness of expression. Let me cite an example or two:

'The Sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre barque.

Or take this as a bit of landscape:

'Beneath yon birch with silver bark
And boughs so pendulous and fair,

The brook falls scattered down the rock,
And all is mossy there!

It is a perfect little picture, and seems so easily done. But try to do something like it. Coleridge's words have the unashamed nakedness of Scripture, and the Eden of diction ere the voluble serpent had entered it. This tenacity of speech in Coleridge's best verse is the more remarkable because it was an acquisition. His earlier poems are apt to be turgid; in his prose there is too often a language of profuseness, and there are pages where he seems to be talking to himself and not to us, as I have heard a guide down the tortuous caverns of the Catacombs when he was doubtful if he had not lost his way. But when his genius runs freely and—in his prose, the style, as he said of Pascal, "is a garment of light." He knew and our best prose and knew the secret of its composition. When he is well inspired, as in his best poetry he commonly is, he gives us the very quintessence of perception, the clearly-crystallized precipitation of all that is most precious in the ferment of impression after the impertinent and obtrusive particulars have evaporated from the memory. It is the pure visual ecstasy disengaged from the confused and confusing material that gave it birth. It seems the very beatitude of artless simplicity, and is the most finished product of art. I know nothing so perfect in its kind since Dante."—Lowell, *Works*, vol. vi, pp. 70-75.

Coleridge's power as a descriptive poet is touched upon elsewhere (see pages 141-). Simplicity is everywhere its prevailing quality, and an effort should be made to impress this upon the student by textual reference. In this stanza the loneliness which suddenly enveloped the ship is impressively conveyed.

32. **the loud bassoon.** Mr. Dykes Campbell has the following note on this: "During Coleridge's residence at Stowey his friend Poole reformed the church choir, and added a bassoon to its resources. Mrs. Samuel *et al. Poole and his Friends*, i, 247) happily suggests that this was the very original and prototype of the *loud bassoon* whose sound moved the Wedding-Guest to beat his breast.

33. **Red as a rose.** A common comparison in ballads, where alliteration, simile, and expression are very frequent; e.g., "green as . . . glass," *Am.*, 10, "green as . . . grass," *Maori*, 7. Cf. also,

"Her cheeks were like the roses red."

Dowsabell, line 92 (*Percy's Reliques*).

"His lippen reed as rose."

Chaucer, *The Tale of Sir Thopas*.

51-70. **And now there came**, etc. Mr. Ivor James in the *Athenæum* for March 15, 1890, quotes a number of parallels from Captain James's *Northwest Passage*, as a proof that Coleridge drew some of his descriptions from that source (see also Dykes Campbell, *Coleridge's Works*, page 597).

62. **Like noises in a swound**. So (except *of* for *in*) in the 1798 edition. In 1800 the reading was,

"A wild and ceaseless sound."

The earlier reading was properly restored. The comparison of these muffled noises to the sound of the pulsing arteries in a condition of syncope is very expressive.—**swound**. Derived from *swoun* with excrescent *d*. Compare the "*d*" in *sound*, *round*.

67. **It ate the food it ne'er had eat**. The 1798 edition reads :

"The Marineres gave it biscuit-worms."

Do you consider the revised text the better reading?

PART II.

The gloss forms a sufficient commentary upon the progress of the story in this second part. The crime is accomplished, the wanton slaying of a harmless creature, and retribution follows swift behind. The Mariner is first blamed by his comrades, but when a fair breeze rises to speed them on their northward voyage they approve the deed, and thus become accomplices in crime. The fifth stanza is remarkable. The sudden stagnation that checks the ship's exultant speed offers a wonderful poetic contrast. Nothing could excel in its kind the description which follows.

87. **And the good south wind**. Cf. lines 91 and 92 for the use of "and" as an introductory word. It is a peculiarity of ballad diction : e. g. :

"And he cast a lease upon his backe,
And he rode to the silver wood,

And there he sought all about,
About the silver wood," etc.

Childe Maurice, Gummere, page 192.

92. **'em** is not really a contraction of *them*, but a survival of Middle English *hem*, Anglo-Saxon *heom*, the dative plural of the third personal pronoun.

95 and 96, which balance lines 101 and 102, were not in the early editions.

104. **The furrow followed free.** Mr. Dykes Campbell has the following note upon this line: "In *Sibylline Leaves* the line was printed,

'The furrow streamed off free.'

And Coleridge put this footnote, 'In the former edition the line was,

'The furrow follow'd free.'

But I had not been long on board a ship before I perceived that this was the image as seen by a spectator from the shore, or from another vessel. From the ship itself the *wake* appears like a brook flowing off from the stern.' But in 1828 and after, the old line was restored." Justify your preference for either line.

117-118. The image contained in these lines is deservedly famous.

123-130. **The very deep did rot**, etc. This, with some allowance for poetic exaggeration, fairly accurately represents the condition of the sea in the tropics after a prolonged calm.

An earlier poem of Coleridge's contains lines which suggest line 125.

"What time after long and pestful calms,
With slimy shapes and miscreated life
Poisoning the vast Pacific"

Coleridge, *The Destiny of Nations*.

127. **About, about**, etc. There seems to be a hint in this passage of the witches' song in *Macbeth*:

"The wend sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about."

Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, I, iii, 32 f.

128. **The death-fires.** "Among the superstitious this name, as also *corpse candles*, *dead men's candles* and *fetch-lights*, was given to certain phosphorescent lights that appeared to issue

from houses or arise from the ground. It was believed that they foretold death, and that the course they took marked out the road the dead body was to be carried for burial," etc.—Charlotte Latham, *Folk-lore Record*.

129. **like a witch's oils.** Oil used in incantations was mingled, in order to make the scene more impressive, with substances which produced a colored flame.

139. **well-a-day.** Altered by analogy with "day," from *wellaway*, Middle English *welaway*, Anglo-Saxon *wa la wa*, an exclamation of distress, *wā*, woe; *lā*, lo; *wa*, woe. It is a very common ballad expression.

The Gloss. 131 f. **Josephus**, A.D. 37-100 (?). A celebrated Jewish historian. At the outbreak of the Judeo-Roman war he was appointed Governor of Galilee, and took an active part in the war. He afterwards entered into the service of the Emperors Vespasian and Titus. In Rome he composed the *History of the Jewish War*, in seven books, and also *The Antiquities of the Jews*.

Psellus, 1020-1110 (?), was born in Constantinople, where he was called the "Prince of Philosophers." His works are numerous, consisting of commentaries on Aristotle and treatises on the occult sciences. Coleridge has reference to his *Dialogue on the Operation of Demons*.

PART III.

The marvels accumulate in this third part, but, like the Wedding-Guest, we "can not choose but hear." The intensity with which the poet depicts the supernatural brings it vividly before our imagination, and "by sheer vividness of imagery, and terse vigor of descriptive phrase," he obtains our imaginative assent to the weird details of the narrative. We believe because we see.

143. **There passed**, etc. This third part has been subjected to the most conscientious and successful revision on the poet's part.

What is the special value of the repetition in the present text?

152. **I wist.** This has the appearance of being an archaism preterite from the preterite present verb *wit*, M. E. *witen*, A.-S. *witan*, to know; but it is more probably a corruption of A.-S.

gentle, certainly, indeed, *My Fairer Sister*, which became *Turret* by confusion with the above reiteration.

103. **A sail! a sail!** — This passage is the famous "Flying Dutchman" of the legend, that of a Dutch captain who was fated to sail forever. He was caught in a head gale. The storm was so violent, he was the leader of the crew overboard those who tried to help him were blown to God, and was condemned to sail on forever, with a crew of poor wretches. — Sykes.

104. **they for joy did grin** — I took the thought of "grinning for joy" from a comparison — Benjamin, of Jesus College, Cambridge, of a walk to my mother's and climbed to the top of Pinney's, and I was nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak from the exertion, till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me, "You grinned like an idiot!" He had done the same! — *Literary Anecdotes*, May 13, 1830 (second edition).

178. **(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)** An imitation of old ballad refrains. These refrains were of different kinds, sometimes being quite meaningless and of the nature of a burden merely to mark time, as *They dore down, dilly lally*, etc. Sometimes again the words are articulate, but strung together with no apparent sense, as, for example, in *Riddles Wrily Expounded*:

"There was a Knicht riding frae the east
Tennister gentle and so mairn

Who had been wooing at monie a place
At the dore the ower the miller's tree.

And finally the refrain has sometimes more or less reference to the story, as in *The Fair Sister*:

"He has t'en three locks o' her yellow hair
Kinmore, O Kinmore
And writhen string his hup's o' care
By the bonnie mill-dams of Binnorie."

Modern balladists have employed both the articulate and the meaningless refrain. As for the former, cf. Tennyson in *The Sister*:

"We were two sisters of one race,
The air fresh blowing in turret and tree,
She was the flower in the face,
O! the Fair was fair to see.

Jean Ingelow, and Rossetti in *Sister Helen, The Tower, Eden Bower*, have by preference employed the latter, an alliteration cleverly parodied by the late Mr. C. S. Calverley.

- "The milk-witch sat at her ivied door
 (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese),
 A thing she had frequently done before;
 And her stool to lean on, her aproned knees.
- "The farmer's daughter hath soft brown hair,
 (Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese)
 And I met with a husband, I can't say where,
 Which wholly consisted of lines like these.

179, 180. Note the graphic force of this simile here. The stanza begins with a metaphorical allusion. Still, we are so accustomed to the term "bars," as applied to level lines of clouds, that the metaphor passes as a plain statement. The idea of bars, by the principle of association which is at the bottom of all great poetry, suggested the image of a dungeon grate, which by the same process of association led to the personification of the sun peering through its prison bars "with broad and burning face." The same idea is still working in the poet's mind in lines 185 f., but with a transferred reference to the vessel's hollow ribs instead of the low horizon clouds.

185 f. The changes from the original text of 1798 at this point are very radical.

In comparing the two full versions the toning down of the gruesome element is particularly to be noticed. The following words of Professor Dowden are apposite to this portion of the poem: "Relying largely, as he did in his poems which deal with the supernatural, on the effect produced by their psychological truth, Coleridge could afford to subdue the supernatural, and refine it to the utmost. . . . More important than truth physical he felt truth psychological to be. And attaining this, he did not need, as 'Monk' Lewis* did, to drag into his verse all the horrors of the churchyard and the nether pit of Hell. . . . Again, in *The Ancient Mariner*, where the spectre bark approaches the doomed ship, and the forms of Death and Life-in-Death are visible, playing at dice for the mariner and his companions, a verse

* A contemporary of Coleridge's and author of supernatural romances. His chief work, *The Monk*, accords for its title.

full of charnel abominations occurs in the original text (two stanzas, in fact), which was afterwards judiciously omitted. Coleridge felt that these hideous incidents of the grave only detracted from the inner horror of the voluptuous beauty of his White Devil, the nightmare Life-in-Death."—Dowden, *New Studies in Literature*, page 338.

198. **And whistles thrice.** Whistling at sea is sure to bring on a storm, runs the sailors' superstition.

thrice, in addition to riming with "dice," is used for its superstitious significance. It is the favorite number for invocations.

"Thrice to the holly brake
Thrice to the well
I bid thee awake,
White Maid of Avenel!"

Scott, *The Monastery*.

20-21. The gruesomeness of the situation here reaches a climax.

210-211. **The horned Moon.** "It is a common superstition among sailors that something evil is about to happen whenever a star dogs the moon" (manuscript note by Coleridge). "But," adds Mr. Campbell, "no sailor ever saw a star within the nether tip of a horned moon." This error was not committed by Coleridge in the 1798 edition, where the reading is "Almost atween the tips."

222-223. **And every soul, etc.** The souls in leaving the bodies make an angry noise in the Mariner's guilty ears. It is superstitiously held that the soul may be seen and heard sometimes while leaving the body. (Cf. Tennyson:—

"The gloomy brewer's [Cromwell's] soul
Went by me like a stork."

Tennyson, *The Talking Oak*, 55.

And Rossetti:

"And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames."

Rossetti, *The Blessed Damozel*.

The impression of the supernatural conveyed by this and the following parts of the poem is skillfully analyzed by Walter Pater.

"Fancies of the strange things which may very well happen, even

in broad daylight, to men shut up alone in ships far off on the sea, seem to have occurred to the human mind in all ages with a peculiar readiness, and often have about them, from the story of the stealing of Dionysius downward, the fascination of a certain dreamy grace, which distinguishes them from other kinds of marvellous inventions. This sort of fascination *The Ancient Mariner* brings to its highest degree: it is the delicacy, the dreamy grace, in his presentation of the marvellous, which makes Coleridge's work so remarkable. The too palpable intruders from a spiritual world in almost all ghost literature, in Scott and Shakespeare even, have a kind of crudity or coarseness. Coleridge's power is in the very fineness with which, as by some really ghostly finger, he brings home to our inmost sense his inventions, daring as they are: the skeleton ship, the polar spirit, the inspiriting of the dead corpses of the ship's crew. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* has the plausibility, the perfect adaptation to reason, and the general aspect of life, which belongs to the marvellous, when actually presented as part of a credible experience in our dreams. Doubtless the mere experience of the opium-eater, the habit he must almost necessarily fall into of noting the more elusive phenomena of dreams, had something to do with that; in its essence, however, it is connected with a more purely intellectual circumstance in the development of Coleridge's poetic gift. . . . The modern mind, so minutely self-scrutinizing, if it is to be affected at all by a sense of the supernatural, needs to be more finely touched than was possible in the older romantic presentment of it. . . . It is this finer, more delicately marvellous supernaturalism, fruit of his more delicate psychology, that Coleridge infuses into romantic adventure, itself also then a new or revived thing in English literature; and with a fineness of weird effect in *The Ancient Mariner*, unknown in those older, more simple, romantic legends and ballads. It is a flower of mediæval or later German romance, growing up in the peculiarly compounded atmosphere of modern psychological speculation, and putting forth in it wholly new qualities. The quaint prose commentary, which runs side by side with the verse of *The Ancient Mariner*, illustrates this—a composition of quite a different shade of beauty and merit from that of the verse which it accompanies, connecting this, the chief poem of Coleridge, with his philosophy, and emphasizing therein that psychological interest of which I have spoken, its curious soul-lore.

PART IV

The gloss forms here the only perfect commentary. The first two stanzas interrupt the narrative for the purpose of preventing monotony, and to reveal the effect of this weird story upon the Wedding-Guest. The next stanza relates the Mariner's utter desolation of spirit, and this and the stanzas which follow are usually considered the crucial part of the poem from the philosophical standpoint. The interpretation lies upon the surface. There is no real mystery about it. With unuttered contempt in his heart for the lowly creatures of the deep, he seeks to pray and cannot. He despises them that in their debased form they live on, while on the deck lie dead "the many men so beautiful." Through days and nights he feels their curse on his soul, but "in his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth toward the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward." It is a beautiful reflection of Wordsworth's teaching that Nature can redeem us and restore us to our higher selves. Involuntarily he blesses the swimming creatures which he had before despised. This spontaneous sympathy presents itself in marked contrast with the wanton and equally thoughtless cruelty which prompted him to shoot the unoffending Albatross.

"The selfsame moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

Here lies, if anywhere, the allegory.

226-227. **And thou art long**, etc. "For the last two lines of this stanza I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth" (note of Coleridge). Compare,

"Ribb'd like the sand at mark of sea."

Lord Soulis (Border Minstrelsy).

Note the direct description in this stanza. How does Coleridge generally obtain his effects of human description in the poem?

265-272. After commenting on the exquisite beauty and truth of this passage, the Rev. Stopford Brooke adds: "But Coleridge is uncontent to leave the description of the sky without throwing around it the light of the higher imagination, and it is characteristic of the quaint phantasy which belonged to his nature that

he puts the thoughts which lift the whole scene into the realm of the imagination into the prose gloss at the side—and it is perhaps the loveliest little thought in all his writings."

274. **tracks of shining white.** An allusion to the phosphorescence of the sea occasioned by innumerable animalculæ.

282 f. **O happy living things, etc.** "It is through a sudden welling forth of sympathy with their happiness, and a sudden sense of their beauty, that the spell which binds the afflicted mariner is snapped. That one self-centred in crude egoism should be purified and converted through a new sympathy with suffering and sorrow is a common piece of morality; this purification through sympathy with joy is a piece of finer and higher doctrine."—Dowden, *New Studies in Literature*, page 341. It will be observed that this expiation through spontaneous sympathy consorts with the original offense of wanton cruelty. It has been pointed out that Nature (according to Wordsworth's teaching) had already by her restful beauty prepared the mariner's mind for this access of pure and noble emotion. Its method of manifesting itself by a tender sympathy with animal life is characteristic of romantic poetry. As Brandl (page 97) remarks, "The more the landscape poets of what may be called the century of humanity penetrated into the secrets of earth and air, the more they sympathized with the lower creatures of Nature, and demanded for all and each a fitting lot." What other poet of Coleridge's time and preceding him had shown this new kind of sympathy?

288 f. **I could pray, etc.** The modern humanitarian idea of the efficacy of sympathy is involved in this stanza with the mediæval notion that prayer brought release from the obsession of demons and curses.

PART V

The climax of the story was reached in line 287 of Part VI. What follows in this portion is a result and not a cause. The gruesome element, especially in the stanza, lines 341-344, is wonderfully presented, and the exquisite poetry of lines 367-372 is justly celebrated. The poem now becomes invaded more than ever by mystical allegorical figures.

291. **Oh, sleep!** For other invocations of sleep, compare Shakespeare, *II Henry IV*, III, i; *Macbeth*, II, ii; Sidney, *Son-*

net on Sleep; Daniels's *Sonnet to Sleep* (see Sharp's *Sonnets of this Century*, page lviii); Wordsworth, *Sonnets to Sleep*; etc.

318-326. The Rev. Stopford Brooke, comparing this description of a tropical squall with the peacefulness of lines 367 f, writes as follows: "In both these descriptions, one of the terror, the other of the softness of Nature, a certain charm, of the source of which we are not at once conscious, is given by the introduction into the lonely sea of images borrowed from the land, but which exactly fit the sounds to be described at sea; such as the noise of the brook and the sighing of the sedge. We are brought into closer sympathy with the mariner by this subtle suggestion of his longing for the land and its peace. And we ourselves enjoy the travel of thought, swept to and fro without any shock—on account of the fitness of illustration and thing—from sea to land, from land to sea."

334 f. **The helmsman steered**, etc. See Introduction on page 51 for the history of this idea of navigating the vessel by the dead seamen.

337. **'gan**. Cf. line 385. The apostrophe is due to the unwarranted supposition that the word is an abbreviated form of "began." It is in direct succession from Middle English, *ginnen*, preterite *gan*, Anglo-Saxon *onginnan*, and is quite common in ballads and old English poetry generally.

345-349. **I fear thee**, etc. This stanza was not in the 1798 edition.

350. **they dropped their arms**. In the text as we now have it "they" refers to spirits, or at least appears to. In the old text the reference was to line 339.

According to tradition, ghosts depart at break of day. Spirits are frequently reported to have disappeared with sounds of music. Contrast this with the angry departure of the seamen's souls in lines 222, 223.

382. **And the ship stood still also**. The ship has now ceased sailing northward impelled by the South Polar spirit who has guided it. Beyond this limit he evidently is powerless to go. The Sun fixes the ship to the Ocean for a minute, when she begins to move

"Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion,"

for we must imagine that the Polar spirit does not care to relax his hold until his vengeance is assured. However, the angelic protecting spirits seem to be victorious:

"Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound."

The gloss in lines 377 f. involves curious contradictions. The marginal commentary to lines 103-106 indicates that the ship had *then* reached the Line on the voyage north. This appears to be contradicted from lines 328, 335, 367 f, 373 f., which imply that the vessel is still sailing northward from the position described in 103 f.

392. **And I fell**, etc. The metre of this line is irregular and scarcely pleasing. The edition of 1798 reads:

"And I fell into a swoond."

399. **By Him who died on cross.** A common biblical path. Cf.:

"'This is a mery mornynge,' seid Litull John,
'Be hym that dyed on tre'" (cross).

Robin Hood and the Monk, lines 13-14.

407. **honey dew.** For this interesting word consult a dictionary. Cf. Coleridge in his *Kubla Khan*:

"... Close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

PART VI

426-429. **Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!** These lines are not fully clear. We can form only a doubtful surmise as to why the spirits must fly higher, and why they would otherwise be belated. The assumption is that they are bound for some far-off celestial goal, and if from curiosity they tarried longer in the lower regions of the air they would be retarded beyond the due time. It is perhaps more poetically satisfying to permit the existence of some mysteries that can not be explained in this poem.

449-451. Coleridge in English poetry, and Victor Hugo in French poetry, possessed this faculty of evoking the supernatural

dread of the unknown. It is far other and higher in its essence than the crude methods employed to arouse alarm by the "graveyard poets" and prose writers of the eighteenth century.

464 f. "This unexpected gentle concussion brings our feet back to the common soil, with a bewildered sweetness of relief and soft quiet after the prodigious strain of mental excitement, which is like nothing else we can remember in poetry. . . . Thus we are set down on the soft grass, in a tender bewilderment, out of the clouds." Mrs. Oliphant.

"How pleasantly, how reassuringly, the whole nightmare story is made to end among the clear, fresh sounds, and lights of the bay where it began." Walter Pater, *Appreciations*, p. 101.

467. **countree.** Old French *contra*, Pop. Lat. *contrata*, from L. *contra*, i. e. lying over against, that which is opposite one. Cf. German *Gegend* from *gegen*. 1798 edition, *countree*. To our modern ears this sounds like a case of wrenched accent, but there is no doubt that originally the last was the stress-bearing syllable in this word, as in many others where we should not so expect it. Among modern poets Rossetti and Mr. Swinburne obtain many curious and often legitimate metrical effects by this unusual placing of the accent; e. g.:

"Nothing is better, I well think
Than love; the hidden well-water
Is not so delicate to drink;
This was well seen of me and her."

Swinburne, *The Leper*.

Naturally, examples might be multiplied from the old ballads.

PART VII

The task of the poet increases in difficulty with this sudden return to normal conditions. He shows consummate skill in effecting the most difficult transition in the poem from the world of mystery and wonder to the world of human reality. "The ship went down like lead, and the Mariner returns once more to the busy haunts of men. Memories of his strange and awful spiritual experience still live within him, and at uncertain hours the ancient agency returns, until he finds some chosen mortal whom he must chasten by his tale of sin and suffering, and redeem even in a

thoughtless hour of mirth to a consciousness of the seriousness of life. As the tale draws to a close the joyous uproar bursts from the open door :

"The Wedding-Guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are :
And hark the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer !"

This is an evidence that the Ancient Mariner has found redemption at last ; and then follows the poignant stanza in which the whole story is lifted to the spiritual plane, to express, as it has rarely been expressed before, the isolation of a soul in sin :

"O Wedding-Guest ! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be."

We cannot doubt that in these wonderful lines Coleridge has given expression also to his own strivings after spiritual truth.

Though possessed of a fanatic's earnestness, the Mariner still retains his homely sympathies, his simple affections ; and the touch of naturalness in the stanza which follows makes the story of his weird adventures seem more reliable :

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company."

The noises of the wedding-feast have broken in harmlessly upon the narrative ; we must be deaf to the world for a season in our moods of spiritual effort and attainment ; but the sweet charities of human intercourse again resume their sway :

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths, and maidens gay."

Despite all the fantastic incident and romantic glamor of his work, we must conclude with Dante Rossetti that "the leading point about Coleridge's work is its human love."

So much for the element of humanity in the poem. The lesson of love and charity to man and beast is even more strongly enforced in the next two stanzas, with too much insistence even, if we trust Coleridge's own statement. "Mrs. Barbauld once told me that she admired *The Ancient Mariner* very much, but that there were two faults in it—it was improbable, and had no moral. As for the probability, I owned that that might admit some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that, in my own judgment, the poem had too much; and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was *the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination*. It ought to have had no more moral than the *Arabian Nights'* tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside and, lo! a genie starts up, and says he must kill the aforesaid merchant, because one of the date shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the genie's son."—*Table Talk*, May 31, 1830.

The italics are not Coleridge's, but serve to emphasize the fact that we must seek for no deeply-hidden moral teaching; the moral is, in fact, so obvious, as Coleridge averred, that he who runs may read. Although we can reconcile many of the events of the narrative with spiritual truths, it is dangerous and not conducive to an enjoyment of the poem to carry the attempt too far. Let us preserve something at least of the charming inconsequence of the *Arabian Nights*, such as the condign punishment and the ruthless slaying of the crew because the Mariner had killed a bird! It does not measurably improve the beauty of the poem to hold with the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, vol. xiv, that Coleridge desired to establish in *The Ancient Mariner* a system of Christian philosophy, "to present the fall from the innocence of ignorance, from the immediacy of natural faith, and the return, through the medium of sin and doubt, to conscious virtue and belief. . . . 'The ship was cheered'—man commences the voyage of life. 'And now the storm-blast came'—the world, with its buffets, confronts him."

Coleridge never entertained such a poetical heresy as this. His chief concern was to tell a tale of wonder, to break in upon the commonplaceness of our material routine with a voice from the outer world of mystery and dim suggestiveness. And if at times a shaft of spiritual light strikes through the verse, we realize that elsewhere lies the essence of its charm—in the subtle

cadence of the diction, the musical fall of the words, the imaginative intensity of the thought, and in that quality of "strangeness added to beauty" which Walter Pater recognized as the distinguishing mark of the romantic temper. The poem is therefore, we repeat, not primarily didactic or even allegoric in character; and, when distinctly moral issues do seem to be involved in the poem, this occurs in pursuance of the poet's purpose to transfer "from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith." It is sufficient for us to know that every poem which subserves the supreme laws of beauty must inevitably bear its tribute to that higher moral law which underlies the beautiful; whereas a poem which should strive to preach morality in defiance of the laws of beauty would miss that nobler aim and thereby fail in its result.

517. **marineres.** So spelled throughout the 1798 edition, and preserved here on account of the rime. Discuss the rimes in this stanza.

529. **The planks look warped** So written in the 1798 edition, and surely correct. 1817 and all later editions read "looked."

578-590. The motive of these stanzas is evidently derived from the legend of the Wandering Jew. The tradition runs that the latter refused Christ a resting place on his way to the crucifixion, and was therefore doomed to perpetual wandering over the earth, without release by death. He was forced in spite of himself to tell his story, and to preach Christianity even in unwilling ears.

612-617. **He prayeth well,** etc. Reference has already been made to the love of animals as a new source of poetry since the time of Burns and Cowper. "In *The Ancient Mariner* are the two great elements of the folk-tale - love of the marvellous, the supernatural, and love of the lower animals. Wonder is the essence of both and both are of the essence of religion. True to the world's heart is the recognition of something *real* above and beyond the *actual* in life; equally true is the reverent awe with which primitive men regard the migrations and strange instincts of birds and beasts." E. Charlton Black.

Discuss the general question of a moralistic or allegoric intention in the poem.

The following lines from William Cowper, who wrote only a few years before Coleridge, may be quoted in connection with the homonymism concerned in the poem:

'I would not enter on a life of trade
 (Though I should well possess the powers and fine sense,
 Yet wanting great ability) than sit
 With heedless eyes, and take a vulgar gain
 And divert my steps, nor crush the soul
 That flows at evening into peaceful paths,
 But, that I have time to be diverted,
 Will tread aside, and let the sheep go
 The creeping vegetation to the sight,
 And the great serpent of venom that intrudes
 As soon as it is seen, he smites it
 So that the creature drops, or turns to stone.
 The clamor, or retort, may cease,
 A necessity of man and blame.
 The sum is this: if man's convenience, health
 Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
 Are paramount and must extinguish theirs.
 Else they are all—the meanest things that are
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
 As God was free to form them at the first,
 Who in His sovereign wisdom made them all.
 Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
 To love it too.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby, a small hamlet among the Lincolnshire wolds, on August 6th, 1809. His father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, the vicar of Somersby, was a man of large and cultivated intellect, interested in poetry, mathematics, painting, music, and architecture, but somewhat harsh and austere in manner, and subject to fits of gloomy depression, during which his presence was avoided by his family; he was sincerely devoted to them, however, and himself supervised their education. His mother, Elizabeth Fytche, the daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche of Louth, was a kind-hearted, gentle, refined woman, beloved by her family and friends. Her influence over her sons and daughters was unbounded, and over none more so than Alfred, who in after life recognized to the full what he owed to his mother.

The family was large, consisting of twelve sons and daughters, of whom the eldest died in infancy. Alfred was the fourth child, his brothers Frederick and Charles being older than he. The home life was a very happy one. The boys and girls were all fond of books, and their games partook of the nature of the books they had been reading. They were given to writing, and in this they were encouraged by their father, who proved himself a wise and discriminating critic. Alfred early showed signs of his poetic bent; at the age of

twelve he had written an epic of four thousand lines, and even before this a tragedy and innumerable poems in blank verse. He was not encouraged, however, to preserve these specimens of his early powers, and they are now lost.

Alfred attended for a time a small school near his home, but at the age of seven he was sent to the Grammar School at Louth. While at Louth he lived with his grandmother, but his days at school were not happy, and he afterwards looked back over them with almost a shudder. Before he was twelve he returned home, and began his preparation for the university under his father's care. His time was not all devoted to serious study, but was spent in roaming through his father's library, devouring the great classics of ancient and modern times, and in writing his own poems. The family each summer removed to Mablethorpe on the Lincolnshire coast. Here Alfred learned to love the sea in all its moods, a love which lasted through his life.

In 1827, after Frederick had entered Cambridge, the two brothers, Charles and Alfred, being in want of pocket money, resolved to publish a volume of poems. They made a selection from their numerous poems, and offered the book to a bookseller in Louth. For some unknown reason he accepted the book, and soon after, it was published under the title, *Poems by Two Brothers*. There were in reality three brothers, as some of Frederick's poems were included in the volume. The brothers were promised £20, but more than one half of this sum they had to take out in books. With the balance they went on a triumphal expedition to the sea, rejoicing in the successful launching of their first literary effort.

In 1828 Charles and Alfred Tennyson matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where their elder brother Frederick had already been for some time. Alfred was a somewhat shy lad, and did not at once take kindly to the life of his college. He soon, however, found himself one of a famous society known as "The Apostles," to which belonged some of the best men in the University. Not one member of the "Apostles" at this time, but afterwards made a name for himself, and made his influence felt in the world of politics or letters. The society met at regular intervals, but Alfred did not take much part in the debates, preferring to sit silent and listen to what was said. All his friends had unbounded admiration for his poetry and unlimited faith in his poetic powers. This faith was strengthened by the award of the University Prize for English Verse to Alfred in June, 1829. He did not wish to compete, but on being pressed, polished up an old poem that he had written some years before, and presented it for competition, the subject being *Timbuctoo*. The poem was in blank verse and really showed considerable power; in fact it was a remarkable poem for one so young.

Perhaps the most powerful influence on the life of Tennyson was the friendship he formed while at Cambridge with Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of the historian, Henry Hallam. The two became inseparable friends, a friendship strengthened by the engagement of Hallam to the poet's sister. The two friends agreed to publish a volume of poems as a joint-production, but Henry Hallam, the elder, did not encourage the project, and it was dropped. The result was that in 1830, *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, was published with the name of

Alfred Tennyson alone on the title page. The volume was reviewed enthusiastically by Hallam, but was more or less slated by Christopher North in the columns of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Tennyson was very angry about the latter review and replied to the reviewer in some caustic, but entirely unnecessary, verses.

In the same year Hallam and Tennyson made an expedition into Spain to carry aid to the rebel leader against the king of Spain. The expedition was not by any means a success. In 1831 Tennyson left Cambridge, without taking his degree, and shortly after his return home his father died. The family, however, did not remove from Somersby, but remained there until 1837. Late in 1832 appeared another volume entitled *Poems by Alfred Tennyson*. This drew upon the unfortunate author a bitterly sarcastic article in the *Quarterly*, written probably by its brilliant editor, John Gibson Lockhart. The result of this article was that Tennyson was silent for almost ten years, a period spent in ridding himself of the weaknesses so brutally pointed out by the reviewer.

In 1833, Arthur Henry Hallam died, and for a time the light of life seemed to have gone out for Alfred Tennyson. The effect of the death of Hallam upon the poet was extraordinary. It seemed to have changed the whole current of his life; indeed he is said, under the strain of the awful suddenness and unexpectedness of the event, to have contemplated suicide. But saner thoughts intervened, and he again took up the burden of life, with the determination to do what he could in helping others. From this time of storm and stress came *In Memoriam*.

From 1832 to 1842 Tennyson spent a roving life.

Now at home, now in London, now with his friends in various parts of England. He was spending his time in finishing his poems, so that when he again came before the world with a volume, he would be a master. The circle of his friends was widening, and now included the greater number of the master-minds of England. He was poor, so poor in fact that he was reduced to the necessity of borrowing the books he wished to read from his friends. But during all this time he never wavered in his allegiance to poetry; he had determined to be a poet, and to devote his life to poetry. At last in 1842 he published his *Poems* in two volumes, and the world was conquered. From this time onwards he was recognized as the leading poet of his century.

In 1845, Tennyson, poor still, was granted a pension of £200, chiefly through the influence of his friend Richard Monckton Milnes, and Thomas Carlyle. There was a great deal of criticism regarding this pension from sources that should have been favorable, but the general verdict approved the grant. In 1847 appeared *The Princess*, a poem, which, at that time, did not materially add to his fame; but the poet was now hailed as one of the great ones of his time, and much was expected of him.

In 1850 three most important events in the life of Tennyson happened. He published *In Memoriam*, in memory of his friend, Arthur Henry Hallam; he was appointed Poet Laureate, in succession to Wordsworth; and he married Emily Selwood, a lady to whom he had been engaged for seventeen years, but whom his poverty had prevented him from leading to the altar. From this time onwards the life of the poet flowed smoothly. He was happily married, his fame was established, his

books brought him sufficient income on which to live comfortable and well. From this point there is little to relate in his career, except the publication of his various volumes.

After his marriage Tennyson lived for some time at Twickenham, where in 1852 Hallam Tennyson was born. In 1851 he and his wife visited Italy, a visit commemorated in *The Daisy*. In 1853 they removed to Farringford at Freshwater in the Isle of Wight, a residence subsequently purchased with the proceeds of *Maud*, published in 1855. The poem had a somewhat mixed reception, being received in some quarters with unstinted abuse and in others with the warmest praise. In the year that *Maud* was published Tennyson received the honorary degree of D.C.L., from Oxford. In 1859 was published the first four of the *Idylls of the King*, followed in 1864 by *Enoch Arden and Other Poems*. In 1865 his mother died. In 1869 he occupied Aldworth, an almost inaccessible residence in Surrey, near London, in order to escape the annoyance of summer visitors to the Isle of Wight, who insisted on invading his privacy, which, perhaps, more than any other he especially valued.

From 1870 to 1880 Tennyson was engaged principally on his dramas—*Queen Mary*, *Harold*, and *Becket*,—but, with the exception of the last, these did not prove particularly successful on the stage. In 1880 *Ballads and Poems* was published, an astonishing volume from one so advanced in years. In 1882 the *Promise of May* was produced in public, but was soon withdrawn. In 1884 Tennyson was raised to the peerage as Baron Tennyson, of Aldworth and Farringford, after having on two previous occasions refused a baronetcy. In

1885 *Tiresias and Other Poems* was published. In this volume was included *Balin and Balan*, thus completing the *Idylls of the King*, which now assumed their permanent order and form. *Demeter and Other Poems* followed in 1889, including *Crossing the Bar*. In 1892, on October 6th, the poet died at Aldworth, "with the moonlight upon his bed and an open Shakespeare by his side." A few days later he was buried in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Robert Browning, his friend and contemporary, who had preceded him by only a few years.

Carlyle has left us a graphic description of Tennyson as he was in middle life: "One of the finest-looking men in the world. A great shock of rough, dusky dark hair; bright, laughing hazel eyes; massive aquiline face—most massive yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy; smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musically metallic—fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between; speech and speculation free and plenteous; I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe! We shall see what he will grow to." To this may be added a paragraph from Caroline Fox: "Tennyson is a grand specimen of a man, with a magnificent head set on his shoulders like the capital of a mighty pillar. His hair is long and wavy and covers a massive head. He wears a beard and moustache, which only grudges as hiding so much of that noble, powerful, but finely-chiselled mouth. His eyes are blue and gray, and open wide when a subject interests him; they are well shaded by the noble brow, with its strong lines of thought and suffering. I can quite understand Samuel Lawrence calling it the best balance of head he had ever seen."

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

Born, August 6, 1809, at Somersby, Lincolnshire.

Goes to Louth Grammar School, 1816.

Publishes, along with his brother Charles, *Poems by Two Brothers*, 1827.

Goes to Trinity College, Cambridge, 1828.

Forms friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam, 1828.

Wins Vice-Chancellor's Gold Medal for his poem *Timbuctoo*, 1829.

Publishes *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, 1830.

Makes an expedition to the Pyrenees with Arthur Henry Hallam, 1830.

Leaves Cambridge, owing to the illness of his father, 1831.

Visits the Rhine with Arthur Henry Hallam, 1832.

Publishes *Poems by Alfred Tennyson*, 1832.

Arthur Henry Hallam dies, 1833.

Removes from Somersby to High Beech in Epping Forest, 1837.

Publishes *Poems* in two volumes, 1842.

Granted a pension of £200 from the Civil List, 1845.

Publishes *The Princess*, 1847.

Publishes *In Memoriam*, 1850.

Appointed Poet Laureate, 1850.

Marries Miss Emily Selwood, 1850.

Tours southern Europe with his wife, 1851.

Hallam Tennyson born, 1852.

Writes *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, 1852.

Takes up his residence at Farringford in the Isle of Wight, 1853.

Lionel Tennyson born, 1854.

Writes *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, 1855.

The University of Oxford confers on him the degree of D. C. L. 1855.

Publishes *Maud and Other Poems*, 1855.

Purchases Farringford, 1856.

Publishes *Idylls of the King*, 1859.

Writes his *Welcome to Alexandra*, 1863.

Publishes *Enoch Arden*, 1864; *The Holy Grail*, 1869.

His mother dies, 1865.

Purchases land at Haslemere, Surrey, 1868, and begins erection of Aldworth.

Publishes *Queen Mary*, 1875; the drama successfully performed by Henry Irving, 1876.

Publishes *Harold*, 1876.

His drama *The Falcon* produced, 1869.

Seeks better health by a tour on the Continent with his son Hallam, 1880.

Publishes *Ballads and Other Poems*, 1880.

His drama *The Cup* successfully performed, 1881.

His drama *The Promise of May* proves a failure, 1882.

Raised to the peerage as Baron Tennyson of Aldworth and Farringford, 1884.

Publishes *Becket*, 1884.

His son Lionel dies, 1885.

Publishes *Tiresias and Other Poems*, 1885. This volume contains *Balin and Balan*, thus completing his *Idylls of the King*.

Publishes *Demeter and Other Poems*, 1889.

Dies at Aldworth, October 6, 1892, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.

The Death of Oenone is published, 1892.

APPRECIATIONS

"Since the days when Dryden held office no Laureate has been appointed so distinctly pre-eminent above all his contemporaries, so truly the king of the poets, as he upon whose brows now rests the Laureate crown. Dryden's grandeur was sullied, his muse was venal, and his life was vicious; still in his keeping the office acquired a certain dignity; after his death it declined into the depths of degradation, and each succeeding dullard dimmed its failing lustre. The first ray of hope for its revival sprang into life with the appointment of Southey, to whom succeeded Wordsworth, a poet of worth and genius, whose name certainly assisted in resuscitating the ancient dignity of the appointment. Alfred Tennyson derives less honor from the title than he confers upon it; to him we owe a debt of gratitude that he has redeemed the laurels with his poetry, noble, pure, and undefiled as ever poet sung." — *Walter Hamilton.*

"Tennyson is many sided; he has a great variety of subjects. He has treated of the classical and the romantic life of the world; he has been keenly alive to the beauties of nature; and he has tried to sympathize with the social problems that confront mankind. In this respect he is a representative poet of the age, for this very diversity of natural gifts has made him popular with all classes. Perhaps he has not been perfectly cosmopolitan, and sometimes the theme in his poetry has received a slight treatment compared to what might have been given it by deeper thinking and more philosophical poets, but he has caught the spirit of the age and has expressed its thought, if not always forcibly, at least more beautifully than any other poet." — *Charles Reed Victor.*

"In technical elegance, as an artist in verse, Tennyson is the greatest of modern poets. Other masters, old and new, have surpassed him in special instances; but he is the only one who rarely nods, and who always finishes his verse to the extreme. Here is the absolute sway of metre, compelling every rhyme and measure needful to the thought; here are sinuous alliterations, unique and varying breaks and pauses, winged flights and falls, the glory of sound and color everywhere present, or, if missing, absent of the poet's free will. The fullness of his art evades the charm of spontaneity. His original and fastidious art is of itself a theme for an essay. The poet who studies it may well despair, he can never excel it; its strength is that of perfection; its weakness, the ever-perfection which marks a still-life painter."—*Edmund Clarence Stedman*.

"A striking quality of Tennyson's poetry is its simplicity, both in thought and expression. This trait was characteristic of his life, and so we naturally expect to find it in his verse. Tennyson was too sincere by nature, and too strongly averse to experimenting in new fields of poetry, to attempt the affected or unique. He purposely avoided all subjects which he feared he could not treat with simplicity and clearness. So, in his shorter poems, there are few obscure or ambiguous passages, little that is not easy of comprehension. His subjects themselves tend to prevent ambiguity or obscurity. For he wrote of men and women as he saw them about him, of their joys and sorrows, their trials, their ideals,—and in this was nothing complex. Thus there is a homely quality to his poems, but they are kept from the commonplace by the great tenderness of his

feeling. Had Tennyson been primarily of a metaphysical or philosophical mind all this might have been different. True, he was somewhat of a student of philosophy and religion, and some of his poems are of these subjects, but his thought even here is always simple and plain, and he never attempted the deep study that was not characteristic of his nature. No less successful is he in avoiding obscurity in expression. There are few passages that need much explanation. In this he offers a striking contrast to Browning, who often painfully hid his meaning under complex phraseology. His vocabulary is remarkably large, and when we study his use of words, we find that in many cases they are from the two-syllabled class. This matter of choice of clear, simple words and phrases is very important. For, just so much as our attention is drawn from what a poet says to the medium, the language in which he says it, so much is its clearness injured. Vividly to see pictures in our imagination or to be affected by our emotions, we must not, as we read, experience any jar. In Tennyson we never have to think of his expressions—except to admire their simple beauty. Simplicity and beauty, then, are two noticeable qualities of his poetry." — *Charles Read Nutter*.

"An idyllic or picturesque mode of conveying his sentiments is the one natural to Tennyson, if not the only one permitted by his limitations. He is a born observer of physical nature, and, whenever he applies an adjective to some object or passingly alludes to some phenomenon which others have but noted, is almost infallibly correct. He has the unerring first touch which in a single line proves the artist; and it justly has been remarked that there is more true English

landscape in many an isolated stanza of *In Memoriam* than in the whole of *The Seasons*, that vaunted descriptive poem of a former century."—*Edmund Clarence Stedman*.

"In describing scenery, his microscopic eye and marvellously delicate ear are exercised to the utmost in detecting the minutest relations and most evanescent melodies of the objects before him, in order that his representation shall include everything which is important to their full perfection. His pictures of rural English scenery give the inner spirit as well as the outward form of the objects, and represent them, also, in their relation to the mind which is gazing on them. The picture in his mind is spread out before his detecting and dissecting intellect, to be transformed to words only when it can be done with the most refined exactness, both as regards color and form and melody."

—*E. P. Whipple*

"For the most part he wrote of the every day loves and duties of men and women; of the primal pains and joys of humanity; of the aspirations and trials which are common to all ages and all classes and independent even of the diseases of civilization, but he made them new and surprising by the art which he added to them, by beauty of thought, tenderness of feeling, and exquisiteness of shaping."—*Stopford A. Brooke*.

"The tenderness of Tennyson is one of his remarkable qualities—not so much in itself, for other poets have been more tender—but in combination with his rough powers. We are not surprised that his rugged strength is capable of the mighty and tragic tenderness of *Rizpah*, but we could not think at first that he could feel and realize the exquisite tenderness of *Elaine*. It



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is a wonderful thing to have so wide a tenderness, and only a great poet can possess it and use it well."—*Stepford A. Brooks*.

"Tennyson is a great master of pathos; knows the very tones that go to the heart; can arrest every one of these looks of upbraiding or appeal by which human woe brings the tear into the human eye. The pathos is deep; but it is the majesty not the prostration of grief."—*Peter Bayne*.

"Indeed the truth must be strongly borne in upon even the warmest admirers of Tennyson that his recluse manner of life closed to him many avenues of communication with the men and women of his day, and that, whether as a result or cause of his exclusiveness, he had but little of that restless, intellectual curiosity which constantly whets itself upon new experiences, finds significance where others see confusion, and beneath the apparently commonplace in human character reaches some harmonizing truth. *Rizpah* and *The Grandmother* show what a rich harvest he would have reaped had he cared more frequently to walk the thoroughfares of life. His finely wrought character studies are very few in number, and even the range of his types is disappointingly narrow."—*Pelham Edgar*.

"No reader of Tennyson can miss the note of patriotism which he perpetually sounds. He has a deep and genuine love of country, a pride in the achievements of the past, a confidence in the greatness of the future. And this sense of patriotism almost reaches insularity of view. He looks out upon the larger world with a gentle commiseration, and surveys its un-English habits and constitution with sympathetic contempt. The patriotism of Tennyson is sober rather than glow-

ing ; it is meditative rather than enthusiastic. Occasionally indeed, his words catch fire, and the verse leaps onward with a sound of triumph, as in such a poem as *The Charge of the Light Brigade* or in such a glorious ballad as *The Revenge*. Neither of these poems is likely to perish until the glory of the nation perishes, and her deeds of a splendid chivalrous past sink into oblivion, which only shameful cowardice can bring upon her. But as a rule Tennyson's patriotism is not a contagious and inspiring patriotism. It is meditative, philosophic, self-complacent. It rejoices in the infallibility of the English judgment, the eternal security of English institutions, the perfection of English forms of government."— *W. J. Dawson*.

"Tennyson always speaks from the side of virtue ; and not of that new and strange virtue which some of our later poets have exalted, and which, when it is stripped of its fine garments, turns out to be nothing else than the unrestrained indulgence of every natural impulse ; but rather of that old fashioned virtue whose laws are ' self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,' and which finds its highest embodiment in the morality of the *New Testament*. There is a spiritual courage in his work, a force of fate which conquers doubt and darkness, a light of inward hope which burns dauntless under the shadow of death. Tennyson is the poet of faith ; faith as distinguished from cold dogmatism and the acceptance of traditional creeds ; faith which does not ignore doubt and mystery, but triumphs over them and faces the unknown with fearless heart. The effect of Christianity upon the poetry of Tennyson may be felt in its general moral quality. By this it is not meant that he is always preaching. But at the same

time the poet can hardly help revealing, more by tone and accent than by definite words, his moral sympathies. He is essentially and characteristically a poet with a message. His poetry does not exist merely for the sake of its own perfection of form. It is something more than the sound of one who has a lovely voice and can play skillfully upon an instrument. It is a poetry with a meaning and a purpose. It is a voice that has something to say to us about life. When we read his poems we feel our hearts uplifted, we feel that, after all it is worth while to struggle towards the light, it is worth while to try to be upright and generous and true and loyal and pure, for virtue is victory and goodness is the only fadeless and immortal crown. The secret of the poet's influence must lie in his spontaneous witness to the reality and supremacy of the moral life. His music must thrill us with the conviction that the humblest child of man has a duty, an ideal, a destiny. He must sing of justice and of love as a sure reward, a steadfast law, the safe port and haven of the soul."—*Henry Van Dyke.*

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SELECT POEMS

THE LOTOS-EATERS

- 'Courage!' he said, and pointed toward the land,
'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'
In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.
5 All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.
10 A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow

"The landscape must be put into harmony with the soft oblivion which the lotus brings, with the rest and slumber of life dreaming that it dreams. So the air is languid, and the moon had completed its waxing and is full-faced; and the streams fall in slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, and their sheets of foam are slumbrous, and the snow on the rosy peaks is very old, and the amber light dreams, and the waves curl tenderly upon the land, and the leaf and the apples on the trees round to fulness and fall, full ripe, and all the winds and sounds are low. Nature, like the indwellers of the land, has eaten of the indolent forgetfulness of the flower. This is the poet's way, and he has had examples of this kind of work in Spenser's *Cave of Sleep* and in Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*; but I think he has excelled them both."—*Stopford A Brooke*.

15 From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery
drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
20 In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seem'd the same!
25 And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
30 To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
35 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
40 Of child, and wife, and slave; but ever-more
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, 'We will return no more.'
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
45 Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'

CHORIC SONG

I

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
50 Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the bliss-
ful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
60 And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
60 All things have rest: why should we toil alone,
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
05 And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
'There is no joy but calm!'
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of
things?

III

- o Lo ! in the middle of the wood,
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
 With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
 Falls, and floats adown the air.
 Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
 Drops in a silent autumn night.
- 80 All its allotted length of days,
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

- Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
 85 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
 Death is the end of life; ah, why
 Should life all labour be ?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.
- 90 Let us alone. What is it that will last ?
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil ? Is there any peace
- 95 In ever climbing up the climbing wave ?
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
 In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
 Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dream-
 ful ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
130 With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream !
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change:
For surely now our household hearths are cold:
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
140 Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
Before them of the ten-years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?
145 Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile:

'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There's evil men worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 100 Lame old men, no aged breath,
 Some tank to fight worn out by many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
 135 With half-dropt eyelid still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill -
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 140 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine
 To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the
 pine.

VIII

145 The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
 All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone:
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-
 dust is blown.
 150 We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the
 surge was seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-
fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal
mind,

In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined

5 On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are
hurl'd

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are
lightly curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleam-
ing world:

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted
lands,

Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking
ships, and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a
doleful song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of
wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are
strong;

105 Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave
the soil,

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring
toil,

Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and
oil;

Till they perish and they suffer some, 'tis
whisper'd down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys
dwell,

170 Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
 Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the
 shore
 Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
 and oar;
 O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander
 more.

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 5 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 10 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 15 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 20 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades:
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!

As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 25 Were all too little, and of one to n -
 Little remains: but every hour is s -
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 30 And this gray spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle -
 35 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 40 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
 45 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought
 with me

That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
 50 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;
 Death closes all: but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the
 deep

- Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 65 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we
 are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 70 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM

Of old sat Freedom on the heights;
 The thunders breaking at her feet:
 Above her shook the starry lights:
 She heard the torrents meet.

- 5 There in her place she did rejoice,
 Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,

1. on the heights. Compare the following stanza from
The Poet:

"And Freedom rear'd in that august sunrise
 Her beautiful bold brow,
 While rites and forms before his burning eyes
 Melted like snow."

But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
10 To mingle with the human race,
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fulness of her face—

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
15 Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,
And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
20 Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams.
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes !

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
5 And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,

Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
10 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
15 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
20 O Death in Life, the days that are no more.'

AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
5 And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
10 For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

SWEET AND LOW

- Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
5 Over the rolling water, go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.
Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
10 Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
15 Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS

- The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
5 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying
O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
10 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying

THY VOICE IS HEARD

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
 That beat to battle where he stands;

Thy face across his fancy comes,
 And gives the battle to his hands:

A moment, while the trumpets blow,
 He sees his brood about thy knee;

The next, like fire he meets the foe,
 And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

Home they brought her warrior dead:

She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:

All her maidens, watching, said,

"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,

Call'd him worthy to be loved,

Truest friend and noblest foe;

Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,

Lightly to the warrior stept,

Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—

Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

ASK ME NO MORE

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the
shape

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:

Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;

Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:
I strove against the stream and all in vain:

Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;

Ask me no more

O SWALLOW, SWALLOW

"O swallow, swallow, thy nest is in the South;
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eave,
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

"O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

"O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

"O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

"O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her
mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee."

OUR ENEMIES HAVE FALLEN

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: the seed.
The little seed they laugh'd at in the dark,

Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
5 A thousand arms and rushes to the Sun.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came;
The leaves were wet with women's tears: they
heard
A noise of songs they would not understand:
They mark'd it with the red cross to the fall,
10 And would have strown it, and are fall'n them-
selves.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they came,
The woodmen with their axes: lo the tree!
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,
15 And boats and bridges for the use of men.

"Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n: they
struck;
With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor
knew
There dwelt an iron nature in the grain:
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
20 Their arms were shatter'd to the shoulder blade

"Our enemies have fall'n, but this shall grow
A night of Summer from the heat, a breadth
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power: and roll'd
With music in the growing breeze of Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
25 Shall move the stony bases of the world."

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

I

Bury the Great Duke

With an empire's Lamentation,

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation

Mourning when their leaders fall,

Warriors carry the warrior's pall,

And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?

Here, in streaming London's central roar.

Let the sound of those he wrought for,

And the feet of those he fought for,

Echo round his bones for evermore.

On the publication of the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington* Sir Henry Taylor wrote to Tennyson: "I have read your ode, and I believe that many thousands at present, and that many hundreds of thousands in future times, will feel about it as I do, or with a yet stronger and deeper feeling, and I am sure that everyone will feel about it according to his capacity of feeling what is great and true. It has a greatness worthy of its theme and an absolute simplicity and truth, with all the poetic passion of your nature moving beneath." Sir Alfred Lyall adds: "It is probably the best poem on a national subject that has ever been struck off by a Laureate under the sudden impatient spur of the moment; remembering that for a poet of established reputation this kind of improvisation is a serious ordeal."

III

Lead out the pageant : sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
10 Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
20 Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute:
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
30 Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.
5 O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !
10 Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no
more.

V

All is over and done:
Render thanks to the Giver,
15 England, for thy son.
Let the bell be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a reverent people behold
55 The towering car, the sable steeds:
Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
Dark in its funeral fold.
Let the bell be toll'd:
And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
60 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
He knew their voices of old.
For many a time in many a clime
85 His captain's-ear has heard them boom
Bellowing victory, bellowing doom;
When he with those deep voices wrought,
Guarding realms and kings from shame;
With those deep voices our dead captain taught
70 The tyrant, and asserts his claim
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn so pure of blame,
In praise and in dispraise the same,
A man of well-attemper'd frame.

- 75 O civic muse, to such a name,
To such a name for ages long,
To such a name,
Preserve a broad approach of fame,
And ever-echoing avenues of song.

VI

- 80 Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with
priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
85 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
90 Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
95 For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
100 Clash'd with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,
Round affrighted Lisbon drew

The treble works, the vast designs
105 Of his labour'd rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
110 Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
115 With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
120 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings;
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
125 Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
130 And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
135 And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,

If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
1 If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
45 The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
150 Eternal honour to his name.

VII

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and regret
To those great men who fought, and kept it ours
And keep it ours, O God, from brute control;
O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
That sober freedom out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate kings;
For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,

And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
170 But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
Remember him who led your hosts;
He had you guard the sacred coasts.
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
His voice is silent in your council-hall
175 For ever; and whatever tempests lour
For ever silent; even if they broke
In thunder, silent; yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
180 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life;
185 Who never spoke against a foe;
Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named;
Truth-lover was our English Duke;
190 Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
195 He, on whom from both her open hands
Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.

Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
100 But as he saves or serves the state.
Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
The path of duty was the way to glory:
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
105 Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden-roses.
Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
110 The path of duty was the way to glory:
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
115 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
Such was he: his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
120 Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure:
Till in all lands and thro' all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory:
125 And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
130 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
By some yet unmoulded tongue
Far on in summers that we shall not see:
235 Peace, it is a day of pain
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung:
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
240 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.
Ours the pain, be his the gain!
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
245 Whom we see not we revere;
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
250 As befits a solemn fane:
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
255 Until we doubt not that for one so true
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
260 And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break, and work their will;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,

And other forms of life than ours,
 265 What know we greater than the soul?
 On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears
 The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
 270 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
 He is gone who seem'd so great.
 Gone; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 275 Something far advanced in State,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 Ask no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 280 And in the vast cathedral leave him,
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I

Half a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 5 'Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!' he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

II

'Forward, the Light Brigade !'
10 Was there a man dismay'd ?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
15 Their's but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
20 Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
25 Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
30 Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian

- 35 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

V

- Cannon to right of them,
40 Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
45 They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell.
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI

- 50 When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
55 Noble six hundred!

ENOCH ARDEN.

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
In this the children play'd at keeping house.

- “ Enoch was host one dar’, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week:
“ This is my house and this my little wife.”
“ Mine too” said Philip “ turn and turn about.”
10 When, if they quarrell’d, Enoch stronger made
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out “ I hate you, Enoch,” and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
15 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

- But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life’s ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
20 On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seem’d kinder unto Philip than to him;
But she loved Enoch; tho’ she knew it not,
And would if ask’d deny it. Enoch set
25 A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie: and so prosper’d that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman, and made himself
Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck’d a life
35 From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas:
And all men look’d upon him favorably:
And ere he touch’d his one-and-twentieth May

He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
60 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
70 (His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
75 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
75 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honorable toil;
With children: first a daughter. In him woke,
85 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up

Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
95 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
100 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven: thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
105 And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbor, by mischance he slipt and fell:
A limb was broken when they lifted him;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one:
110 Another hand crept too across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
115 To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her, he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd
"Save them from this, whatever comes to me."
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
120 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,

Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of a chance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife
When he was gone— the children—what to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat— and yet he loved her well
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores— set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone.
Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;

Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,
155 But had no heart to break his purpose
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke

Then fir—since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
160 But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
165 He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
170 To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Anger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
175 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,
The space was narrow,—having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
180 Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.

185 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
 Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
 Whatever came to him: and then he said
 190 "Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
 I'll keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle "and he,
 195 This pretty, puny, weakly little one,
 Nay—for I love him all the better for it
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
 And make him merry, when I come home again.
 200 Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
 And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
 The current of his talk to graver things
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
 205 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
 Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.
 210 At length she spoke "O Enoch, you are wise;
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I
 That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.
 Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
 215 (He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
220 Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
225 Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it."

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
230 After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
"Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the
child
Remember this?" and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
235 A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps
240 She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
245 She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;

Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
25 By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding "what would Enoch say?"
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
35 Than what she gave in buying what she sold:
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,
Expectant of that news which never came,
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

40 Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
Whether her business often call'd her from it,
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
45 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering,—ere she was aware,
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

50 In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,
275 May be some little comfort;" therefore went,
Past thro' the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,

Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly
"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."

He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply
"Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am!" half abash'd him; yet unask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war.
He set himself beside her, saying to her

"I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world
For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish
And if he come again, next will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost
And it would vex him even in his grave.
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
Have we not known each other all our lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again

Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
 " Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do
 Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
 'This is the favor that I came to ask "'

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
 Answer'd "I cannot look you in the face;
 215 I seem so foolish and so broken down.
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
 But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
 He will repay you: money can be repaid;
 " Not kindness such as yours."

And Philip ask'd
 "Then you will let me, Annie?"

There she turn'd,
 She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
 Then calling down a blessing on his head
 325 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
 And past into the little garth beyond.
 So, lifted up in spirit, he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
 And bought them needful books, and every way,
 330 Like one who does his duty by his own,
 Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
 He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
 And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent

Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then,
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offence of charitable flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
Light on a broken word to thank him with.
45 But Philip was her children's all-in-all;
From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
55 Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream.
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
355 Down at the far end of an avenue.
Going we know not where: and so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
360 To go with others, nutting to the wood.
And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd
For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too:
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him
365 "Come with us Father Philip" he denied;

But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
 He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
 For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, all her force
 Fail'd her; and sighing, "let me rest" she said:
 So Philip rested with her well-content;
 While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
 The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
 Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
 And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
 Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
 He crept into the shadow: at last he said,
 385 Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie,"
 "How merry they are down yonder in the wood."
 "Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.
 "Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon her hands;
 At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
 390 "The ship was lost," he said, "the ship was lost
 No more of that! why should you kill yourself
 And make them orphans quite?" And Annie said
 "I thought not of it: but I know not why---
 Their voices make me feel so solitary."

395 Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
 "Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,

- And it has been upon my mind so long,
 That tho' I know not when it first came there,
 I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
 4 "It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
 That he who left you ten long years ago
 Should still be living; well then—let me speak:
 I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
 I cannot help you as I wish to do
 5 Unless—they say that women are so quick—
 Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
 I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
 A father to your children: I do think
 They love me as a father: I am sure
 10 That I love them as if they were mine own;
 And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
 That after all these sad uncertain years,
 We might be still as happy as God grants
 To any of His creatures. Think upon it:
 15 For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
 No burthen, save my care for you and yours:
 And we have known each other all our lives,
 And I have loved you longer than you know."

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:

- 20 "You have been as God's good angel in our house.
 God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
 Philip, with something happier than myself.
 Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
 As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?
 25 "I am content," he answer'd, "to be loved
 A little after Enoch." "O" she cried,
 Scared as it were, "dear Philip, wait a while:
 If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:

- 435 Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
O wait a little!" Philip sadly said
"Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little." "Nay" she cried
"I am bound: you have my promise—in a year:
445 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?"
And Philip answer'd, "I will bide my year."

- Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
440 Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil;
Then all descended to the port, and there
At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
445 Saying gently "Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,
I am always bound to you, but you are free."
Then Annie, weeping, answered "I am bound."

- She spoke; and in one moment as it were,
450 While yet she went about her household ways,
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
455 Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she ask'd.
"Yes, if the nuts" he said "be ripe again:
Come out and see." But she—she put him off--
So much to look to—such a change—a month—
Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
460 A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice

Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
"Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."
And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
45 And yet she held him on delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
47 Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her
Some that she but held off to draw him on;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
475 As simple folk that knew not their own minds;
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
48 But evermore the daughter prest upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan; and all the things fell on her
485 Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign "my Enoch is he gone?"
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
490 Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,

So 'denly put her finger on the text,
"Under the palmtree." That was nothing to her.
405 No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palmtree, over him the Sun:
"He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
"Hosanna in the highest!" Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him,
"There is no reason why we should not wed."
5 "Then for God's sake," he answer'd, "both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
510 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what: nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
515 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew:
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child: but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renew'd.
520 Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd
The ship "Good Fortune," tho' at setting forth

The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvest
 She slipt across the summer of the world,
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
 She passing thro' the summer world again,
 The breath of heaven came continually
 And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
 Till silent in her oriental love.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
 Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
 A gilded dragon, also, for the babe

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
 Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
 Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
 540 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:
 Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
 Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
 Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
 Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came
 545 The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
 But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
 Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

550 No want was there of human sustenance,
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
 Nor save for pity was it hard to take
 The helpless life so wild that it was tame
 There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
 555 They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,

Half hut, half native cavern—So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem.
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell
Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning "wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawn
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:

No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and precipice
 5 The blaze upon the waters to the east;
 The blaze upon his island overhead;
 The blaze upon the waters to the west.
 Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
 The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
 10 The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
 So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
 A phantom made of many phantoms moved
 Before him haunting him, or he himself
 5 Moved haunting people, things and places, known
 Far in a darker isle beyond the line;
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
 The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
 10 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
 November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
 And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
 15 Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—
 He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
 Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
 Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
 Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
 20 Spoken with That, which being everywhere
 Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
 Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
620 Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
625 Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
630 They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
635 Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seem'd,
With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what: and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
640 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;
Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard:
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce credited at first but more and more,
645 Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it:
And clothes they gave him and free passage home;
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his country, or could answer him,
650 If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays,

The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
655 He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall:
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kind'v tax upon themselves,
660 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:
Then moving up the coast they landed him,
Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to anyone,
But homeward—home—what home? had he a
home?
665 His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
670 And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
675 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
680 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes

In those far-off seven happy years were born;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
65 Still downward thinking "dead or dead to me!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
60 He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
65 There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
70 So broken—all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
75 Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion: anyone,
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller: only when she closed
"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost"
710 He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering "cast away and lost;"
Again in deeper inward whispers "lost!"

But Enoch yearned to see her face again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again
715 And know that she is happy." So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
720 There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
725 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; out behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
730 Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
735 Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
740 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,

- 745 Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
750 The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleas'd him, for he smiled

- Now when the dead man come to life beheld
755 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
760 Lord of his rights and of his children's love.
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
765 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

- He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden wall,
770 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

- And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
775 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

“Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,
75 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
85 They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.”

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
90 Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
“Not to tell her, never to let her know.”

75 He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Uphore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
80 Kept him a living soul. “This miller's wife”
He said to Miriam “that you spoke about,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?”
“Ay, ay, poor soul” said Miriam, “fear enow!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
85 Why, that would be her comfort;” and he thought
“After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
I wait His time.” and Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.

- Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
810 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
At lading and unlading the tall barks,
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
815 Yet since he did but labour for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
820 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
825 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

- For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
830 On Enoch thinking "after I am gone,
Then may she learn I loved her to the last."
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
"Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the book
835 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."
"Dead," clamour'd the good woman, "hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
"Swear," added Enoch sternly, "on the book."
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
840 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
"Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"

- “Know him?” she said “I knew him far away.
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.”
- 845 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer’d her;
“His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man.” At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
- 850 “You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be.” Enoch said again
“My God has bow’d me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
- 855 Who married—but that name has twice been changed —
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen.” Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
- 860 And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flow’d the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn’d incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
- 865 But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only “See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch ’em, Arden,” and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied:
- 870 “Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died

- ⁸⁷⁵ Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
⁸⁸⁰ Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us any thing but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
⁸⁸⁵ Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood,
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
⁸⁹⁰ This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,
⁸⁹⁵ Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
⁹⁰⁰ Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
⁹⁰⁵ That all the houses in the haven rang.

He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice "a sail! a sail!
I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
910 And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.¹

"One special characteristic of the poem deserves the attention of the reader—the *entire absence of wrong-doing* on the part of the personages of the story. They cannot even be reasonably convicted of error; and it is remarkable how careful the poet is throughout to represent their conduct as unexceptionable, while perfectly simple and natural. No sympathy is demanded of the reader for Enoch on the ground of his having been wronged in any way. Everyone acts for the best, and with the utmost care and forbearance. The disastrous result of Enoch's departure could not be foreseen; the chances were that he would succeed. Annie's failure at shop-keeping is explained rather to her credit than otherwise. 'The sickly child dies, but not without being 'cared for with all a mother's care'. Philip's advances to Annie are made with the greatest delicacy and with the tenderest consideration for her feelings, and are prompted, partly, at any rate, by an unselfish desire to help her and her family in their need. Annie's consent to the marriage is won only after long hesitation and many scruples, and when every available plea for delay is exhausted. The representation of human beings as puppets in the hand of Fate and Circumstance was a favorite subject with the old Greek dramatists; but there is always a substratum of error, or even guilt, in their heroes for fate to work upon. 'Here everybody does their duty, everybody acts even wisely and nobly, and yet, such are the conditions of our complex and incalculable circumstances in this world, that the fruit is heart-broken misery and disappointment, and the curtain falls on a vision of all that is unutterably sad and hopelessly desolate.' It will be remarked how greatly the pathos of the narrative is heightened by this treatment of his characters by the author."
—W. T. Webb.

LOCKSLEY HALL

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis
early morn:

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon
the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it, as cold, the curlews
call.

Dreary gleams¹ about the moorland flying over
Locksley Hall;

5 Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the
sandy tracts,

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went
to rest,

Did I look on great Orion² sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads,³ rising thro' the
mellow shade,

10 Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver
braid.

¹ *Dreary gleams.* "While dreary gleams are flying." This is an absolute construction, and is not connected with "curlews" in the preceding line.

² *Orion.* One of the constellations.

³ *Pleiads.* A group of seven stars on the shoulder of the constellation Taurus (the Bull).

"Canst thou bind the cluster of the Pleiades
Or loose the bands of Orion?" — *Job xxxviii. 31.*

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a
youth sublime

With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of
Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land
reposed;

When I clung to all the present for the promise that
it closed:

15 When I dipt into the future far as human eye could
see;

Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be.

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's
breast;

In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself
another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris¹ changes on the burnish'd
dove;

20 In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be
for one so young,

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observ-
ance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the
truth to me.

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to
thee."

¹ *Iris*. In the Greek mythology, Iris was the rainbow goddess.

25 On her pallid cheek and forehead came a colour and
a light,

As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern
night.¹

And she turn'd — her bosom shaken with a sudden
storm of sighs

All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel
eyes

Saying, " I have hid my feelings, fearing they should
do me wrong; "

30 Saying, " Dost thou love me, cousin? " weeping, " I
have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in his
glowing hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden
sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the
chords with might;

Smote the chord of Self,² that, trembling, pass'd in
music out of sight.

¹ *Northern night.* The aurora borealis.

² *The chord of Self.* " This line concentrates into itself a large part of Tennyson's noble conception of love, or conception of the nobleness of love. Love annihilates Self, even when exacting it, and crowns life in a twofold ecstasy of renunciation and attainment. A life of unselfish, beneficent occupation — of sympathy in mental culture — of co-operation in benevolent effort — would have been the natural sequel. But Mammon and conventional respectability tore the strings from the harp of life, and shattered the glass of time with its golden sands."

— PETER BAYNE.

35 Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the
copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fulness
of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the
stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the
lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine
no more!
40 O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren,
barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs
have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrew-
ish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy? — having known me —
to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart
than mine!

45 Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level¹ day by
day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise
with clay.

¹ *Lower to his level.* Compare the attitude of the lover towards the favoured suitor with that of the hero towards the "young lord-lover" in *Maud*.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,

And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force.

50 Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine.

Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought:

Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

55 He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand —

Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,

Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!

60 Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth.

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest
Nature's rule!

Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead
of the fool!

Well — 'tis well that I should bluster! — Hadst thou
less unworthy proved —

Would to God — for I had loved thee more than ever
wife was loved.

65 Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but
bitter fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at
the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of
years should come

As the many-winter'd crow that leads the clanging
rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division of the records of the
mind?

70 Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew
her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak
and move:

Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to
love.

Can I think of her as dead,¹ and love her for the love
she bore?

No — she never loved me truly: love is love for-
evermore.

¹ *Her as dead.* "Can I think of Amy as dead in the same way
that I think of that other who perished?"

75 Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils! this is truth the
poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart
be put to proof,

In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on
the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring
at the wall.

80 Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows
rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his
drunken sleep,

To thy widow'd marriage-pillows, to the tears that
thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whisper'd by
the phantom years,¹

And a song from out the distance in the ringing of
thine ears;

85 And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness
on thy pain.

Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy
rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice
will cry.

'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble
dry.

¹ *Phantom years.* The years that are yet to come.

Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings
thee rest.

90 Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the
mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not
his due.

Half is thine and half is his: it will be worthy of the
two.

O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part.
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a
daughter's heart.

95 "They were dangerous guides the feelings — she
herself was not exempt —

Truly, she herself had suffer'd " — Perish in thy self-
contempt!

Overlive it — lower yet — be happy! wherefore
should I care?

I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by de-
spair.

What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon
days like these?

100 Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to
golden keys.

Every gate is throng'd with suitors, all the markets
overflow.

I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I
should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foe-
man's ground,
When the ranks are roll'd in vapour,¹ and the winds
are laid with sound.

105 But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that
Honour feels,
And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each
other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier
page.
Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous
Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before
the strife,
110 When I heard my days before me, and the tumult
of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming
years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his
father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and
nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a
dreary dawn;

115 And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before
him then.

Underneath the light he looks at, in among the
throngs of men:

¹ *Roll'd in vapour.* Enveloped in the smoke from the cannons.

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping
something new:

That which they have done but earnest of the things
that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could
see,

120 Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of
magic sails,

Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with
costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there
rain'd a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the cen-
tral blue;

125 Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-
wind rushing warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging thro'
the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throb'd¹ no longer, and the
battle-flags were furl'd

¹ *War-drum throb'd.*

"I would that wars should cease,
I would the globe from end to end
Might sow and reap in peace."

— *Charge of the Heavy Brigade.*

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.¹

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful
realm in awe,
130 And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal
law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion sweeping thro' me
left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the
jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are
out of joint:
Science moves, but slowly slowly, creeping on from
point to point:

135 Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping
nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-
dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing pur-
pose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the pro-
cess of the suns.

¹ *Federation of the world.*

"Till each man finds his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood.
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying Nature's powers."

— *Ode sung at the Opening of the International Exhibition.*

What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his
youthful joys,
140 Tho' the deep heart of existence beat for ever like a
boy's?

Knowledge comes,¹ but wisdom lingers, and I linger
on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more
and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears
a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward the still-
ness of his rest.

145 Hark, my merry comrades call me, sounding on the
bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion were a target for
their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a mould-
er'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved so
slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's
pleasure, woman's pain —
150 Nature made them blinder motions bounded in
a shallower brain:

¹ *Knowledge comes.*

"For Knowledge is the swallow on the lake
That sees and stirs the surface-shadow there,
But never yet hath dipt into the abysm."

— *The Ancient Sages.*

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions,
match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto
wine —

Here at least, where nature sickens,¹ nothing. Ah,
for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient,² where my life began
to beat;

155 Where in wild Mahratta-battle³ fell my father evil-
starr'd; —
I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's
ward.

Or to burst all links of habit — there to wander far
away,
On from island unto island at the gateways of the
day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and
happy skies,
160 Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,
knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European
flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, swings the
trailer from the crag;

¹ *Nature sickens.* Where nothing is natural, but everything
is ruled by convention.

² *Orient.* India, where he was born.

³ *Mahratta-battle.* The Mahrattas were finally conquered by
the British in 1803.

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower, hangs the
heavy-fruited tree
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres
of sea.

165 There methinks would be enjoyment more than in
this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts
that shake mankind.

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall have
scope and breathing space;
I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my
dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd, they shall dive, and
they shall run,
170 Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances
in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rain-
bows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable
books —

Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I *know* my
words are wild.
But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Chris-
tian child.

175 I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our
glorious gains,
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with
lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage — what to me were
sun or clime?

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of
time —

I that rather held it better men should perish one
by one,
180 Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's
moon¹ in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, for-
ward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing
grooves² of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the
younger day:
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.³

185 Mother-Age (for mine I knew not) help me as when
life begun:
Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings,
weigh the Sun.

¹ *Joshua's moon.* See *Joshua* x. 12.

² *ringing grooves.* Tennyson says: "When I went by the first train from Liverpool to Manchester (1830) I thought that the wheels ran in a groove. It was a black night, and there was such a vast crowd at the station that we could not see the wheels. Then I made this line."

³ *Cathay.* China, the most unprogressive of countries. *Cycle* is here used to mean "an indefinite period."

O, I see the crescent promise¹ of my spirit hath not
set.

Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy
yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locks-
ley Hall!

190 Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the
roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin, blackening over
heath and holt,

Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a
thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or
fire or snow;

For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and
I go.

"The instantaneous and universal popularity which the first *Locksley Hall* gained was due in part to causes independent of its form. It mirrored as did no other work the hopes and aspirations of its time. The period in which it was produced was a period of exaltation which reflected in faint outlines the mood of men in the earlier months of the French Revolution. It is hard for us now to conceive the state of mind that prevailed at the opening of the half-century that has just closed. The optimistic view of the future was everywhere predominant. The race was at last emerging from the social and political thralldom which had cramped its efforts and crushed its spirit. Class distinctions were on the point of overthrow, ancient abuses of all sorts were about to be uprooted. On another side

there was a prospect full as glorious. Man was speedily to assert his full mastery over the blind but mighty elemental forces of which he had hitherto been the plaything or the victim. His career of conquest over nature had already opened triumphantly. Steam applied to locomotion was annihilating space. Electricity, though not yet made fully captive, was revealing the possibility of the annihilation of time. An abstract personification called Science, with miracles already performed, and with the promise of greater miracles to be performed, was the new deity to which we were to look for the regeneration of the race. There was no limit to its beneficence, no limit to its power, no limit therefore to what it could and would accomplish. To all the future looked bright, for there was intoxication in the air.

"It was at such a time as this that the poet came forward in the original *Locksley Hall* to put into majestic words the majestic but vague ideas which had fired the imaginations of men. To their shadowy conceptions he gave distinctness and grandeur. He pictured for them the full glory of the coming day which had already begun to dawn. The hero of the piece was suited to the part he was called upon to perform. He is in the vigor of early manhood, but his life has already been saddened by a great personal calamity which makes him willing to fling it away. From the benumbing effects of this sorrow he is rescued by the vision that unfolds itself before his eyes, of the progress of humanity through the wonder-working agencies of science and the development of man as man. The individual, it is true, may fail, but the race itself is moving on through struggle and storm to a higher civilization and a loftier destiny. In the gorgeous picture of the future which presents itself before him, the noble, even if delusive, dream of human brotherhood revives. Strife and battle there must be before the result is reached. They in turn will give place to the reign of universal peace, made permanent and secure by the obedience of all to that universal law which has been established by the parliament of man and is upheld by the federation of the world." —*T. R. Lounsbury.*

NOTES

THE LOTOS-EATERS

First published in 1832-3. Revised and wonderfully improved in the volume of 1842. The origin of this poem which Mr. Andrew Lang fittingly calls "a flawless masterpiece," is to be found in a few unadorned verses of Homer's *Odyssey* (Bk. ix). "On the tenth day we set foot on the land of the lotus-eaters, who eat a flowery food. So we stepped ashore and drew water, and straightway my company took their midday meal by the swift ships. Now, when we had tasted meat and drink, I sent forth certain of my company to go and make search what manner of men they were who here live upon the earth by bread, and I chose out two of my fellows, and sent a third with them as herald. Then straightway they went and mixed with the men of the lotus-eaters, and so it was that the lotus-eaters devised not death for our fellows, but gave them of the lotus to taste. Now, whosoever of them did eat the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus, had no more wish to bring tidings, nor to come back, but there he chose to abide with the lotus-eating men, ever feeding on the lotus, and forgetful of his homeward way. Therefore I led them back to the ships weeping, and sore against their will, and dragged them beneath the benches, and bound them to the hollow barques. But I commanded the rest of my well-loved company to make speed and go on board the swift ships, lest haply any should eat of the lotus and be forgetful of returning. Right soon they embarked and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly, they smote the grey sea water with their oars."

-Trans. Butcher and Lang

Further Sources. Mr. Stedman in his chapter on Tennyson and Theocritus in *Victorian Poets* maintains, and supports his contention by ample quotations, that *The Lotos Eaters* "is charged from beginning to end with the effects and very language of the

Greek pastoral poets [*i.e.* Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus]. As in *Ænone*, there is no consecutive imitation of any one idyl; but the work is curiously filled out with passages borrowed here and there, as the growth of the poem recalls them at random to the author's mind." Certain of these passages are quoted in their proper place below.

A further literary inspiration was afforded Tennyson in Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (II. vi.), and Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, I.

The poem *Ænone* foreshadowed the siege of Troy. The city has now fallen, and Ulysses, vindictively pursued by the anger of Poseidon, is on his adventurous homeward voyage. He has been driven by a storm across the Mediterranean to the Libyan (African) coast, and here it is that he encounters the dreamy-eyed Lotophagi, or Lotos-eaters. After he had broken free from their spell, or rather from the spell of their drowsy land, he encounters the no less potent spell of Circe, the Sirens, and Calypso, all of which adventures are set forth in the world's greatest book of adventure, *The Odyssey*.

The poem exhibits less a philosophy than a mood. Its spirit of languorous repose, the aversion to painful toil that it expresses, and its listless indifference to fate place it in forceful contrast with the pulsing vigour which throbs through the *Ulysses*, and urges the old wave-worn hero, though he has abundantly earned his brief repose,

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

1. **he**, namely Ulysses. See the note on Ulysses, p. 174.

3. **In the afternoon**. Mr. Stedman, *loc. cit.*, writes:

"The Argonauts (Theoc. r. XIII.) come in the afternoon to a land of cliffs and thickets and streams; of meadows set with sedge, whence they cut for their couches sharp flowering rush and the low galingale" (see line 23).

7. **Full-faced**. The volume of 1830 contained one poem closely related in theme to *The Lotos Eaters*, namely, *The Sea Fairies* (see *The Works of Tennyson*, p. 15). *The Hesperides* of 1832-3 is somewhat similar in subject, and doubtless because of its slighter treatment was eventually abandoned. It yielded the revised *Lotos Eaters* the epithet "full-faced."

In the first edition of *The Lotos Eaters* the present line was:

Above the valley burned the golden moon.

The epithet in *The Hesp* is not applied to the moon. The line is as follows:—

But when the full-faced sunset yellowly

11. **Slow-dropping veils, etc.** Tennyson once wrote an invaluable letter to Mr. S. E. Dawson, now of Ottawa, in which he refers to certain alleged plagiarisms in his poetry. Referring to this line he said: "When I was about twenty or twenty-one, I went on a tour to the Pyrenees. Lying among those mountains before a waterfall that comes down one thousand or twelve hundred feet, I sketched it (according to my custom then), in these words:

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn.

When I printed this, a critic informed me that "lawn was the material used in theatres to imitate a waterfall," and graciously added: 'Mr. T. should not go to the boards of a theatre, but to nature herself, for his suggestions.' And I *had* gone to nature itself.

I think it is a moot point whether—if I had known how that effect was produced on the stage—I should have ventured to publish the line."

19. **charmed sunset.** Either because the whole land was under a spell, or else to indicate that the sunset lingered because the scene was so full of beauty.

21. **yellow down.** Covered with the yellow flower of the lotos (see l. 149), or bathed in the "amber light" of the sunset (see line 102).

34. **His voice was thin.** *Thin* is an epithet applied to the voices of the dead in classical poetry.

Cf. Tennyson's *The Voyage of Maeldune*, ll. 21-22.

And we hated the beautiful Isle, for whenever we strove
to speak,
Our voices were thinner and fainter than any flutter-mouse
shriek.

It is interesting to read this whole poem, especially sections V. and VIII., in connection with *The Lotos Eaters*. Mr. Stedman has pointed out several undoubted parallels in this Choric Song with beautiful passages in Moschus and Theocritus.

42. **the wandering fields.** Cf. Vergil, *Aeneid* VI., 724.

campi liquentes, and "the unvintaged sea" of Homer.

44. **Our island home**, *i.e.* Ithaca.

Choric Song. A song chanted in chorus.

66. **slumber's holy balm**. Shakespeare invokes sleep in *Macbeth* II., ii.

The innocent sleep ;

Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

83. **Fast-rooted**, etc. Contrast l. 42.

84. **Hateful**, etc. Compare Vergil: "Tædet cœli convexa tueri." It wearies to behold the hollow spaces of the sky.

The dark sky (dark-blue?) that hangs over the lotus land (see l. 136) is welcome, but hateful is it for the mariners to behold that same sky stretched above an endless expanse of sea which they must painfully traverse.

86-87. **Death is—be**. "If the dead are not raised, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." 1 Cor. XV, 32.

92. **parcels** = little parts.

99-101. Compare with these lines, Thomson's verses :

A pleasing land of drowsied it was,

Of dreams that wane before the half-shut eye.

102-103. Compare lines 19 and 20.

114 f. Section VI. was added in 1842. It is needless to say how the humanity of the poem is heightened thereby.

117. **our household hearths**. The hearth and the altar are the sacred symbols of home. This line and the two which follow have their counterpart in *In Memoriam* XC, 1-16. See *The Works of Tennyson*, p. 271.

120. **the island princes**. During Ulysses' protracted absence from Ithaca, many suitors from the neighbouring islands sued for the hand of his wife, Penelope. The minstrel Phemius (l. 121) amused their leisure hours.

133. **moly**. A fabulous plant with magical virtues. Hermes armed Ulysses with it against the wiles of Circe.

136. This line has been referred to above. It has been suggested, though inconclusively, that a soft moonlight effect is here represented. The expression "long bright river," l. 137

might not conflict with this, but "the purple hill" of line 138 indicates the soft sunlight of the late afternoon. Compare ll. 3 and 4:

In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.

Notice also the references to sunset throughout the poem. This hour, when nature inclines towards sleep, is for them the most welcome portion of the day.

149f. From here to the end the movement of the poem is trochaic.

Line 149 has seven feet, with an additional (hypermetrical) syllable. Technically we may then describe it as trochaic heptameter hypercatalectic.

Line 150 has six feet with a hypermetrical syllable, and is therefore trochaic hexameter hypercatalectic.

The lines vary between these two types. The last two lines have also each an additional syllable before the first foot.

It should be noted that Tennyson at this point made radical changes in 1842 from the original version, which had been purely pictorial, and quite devoid of the deep significance of the present passage. The philosophy which depicts the carelessness of the gods and the futile misery of mankind is that which Lucretius so forcibly presented in his *De Rerum Natura*. Bayne was probably the first to suggest the interesting parallel with the song of the Fates in Goethe's *Iphigenie auf Tauris*:

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Sie aber, sie bleiben | But they, they remain |
| In ewigen Festen | Eternally feasting |
| An goldenen Tischen. | At golden tables. |
| Sie schreiten vom Berge | They stride from mountain |
| Zu Berge hinüber: | To mountain across; |
| Aus Schlünden der Tiefe | From the abyss of the deeps |
| Dämpft ihnen der Athem | To them rises the breath |
| Erstickter Titanen, | Of stifled Titans, |
| Gleich Opfergerüchen, | Like odours of sacrifice |
| Ein leichtes Gewölke. | A light vapour |

158. **golden houses.** The gods were accustomed to recline upon Olympus beneath a canopy of golden clouds. Zeus was supposed to dwell upon the top of Mount Olympus,

162. **a music centred in a doleful song.** Compare Wordsworth:

The still sad music of humanity

Tintern Abbey.

164. **Like a tale of little meaning.** Compare Shakespeare:

a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

Macbeth, V. 5, 26-28.

167. **little dues** = small returns.

ULYSSES

First published in 1842. Ulysses (Odysseus) was a famous hero of the Trojan war, the companion-in-arms of Achilles, Ajax and the host of Grecian warriors. Not lacking in courage, he was still more conspicuous for his craft. When the war was first projected, Achilles went disguised as a woman to the court of Lycomedes. Ulysses presently repaired thither in disguise, offering for sale ornaments of dress and military arms. By his choice of the arms, Achilles revealed his sex, and was compelled to join in the expedition. Many other details of Ulysses' cunning are narrated in the writings of the ancients. The strange perils that delayed his homeward journey were occasioned by the anger of Poseidon and Zeus.

SOURCES OF THE POEM.—Mr. Churton Collins, in speaking of the sources of this poem writes: "The germ, the spirit, and the sentiment of this poem are from the 26th canto of Dante's *Inferno*. As is usual with him in all cases where he borrows, the details and minuter portions of the work are his own; he has added grace, elaboration and symmetry; he has called in the assistance of other poets (particularly of Homer and Vergil). A rough crayon draft has been metamorphosed into a perfect picture." The passage in Dante, Mr. Collins translates as follows (Ulysses is speaking): "Neither fondness for my son, nor reverence for my aged sire, nor the due love which ought to have gladdened Penelope, could conquer in me the ardour which I had to become experienced in the world, and in human vice and worth. I put out into the deep open sea with but one ship, and with that small company which had not deserted me. . . . I and my companions were old and tardy when we came to that narrow pass where

Hercules assigned his landmarks (*i.e.* the Strait of Gibraltar). 'O brothers,' I said, 'who through a hundred thousand dangers have reached the West, deny not this to the brief vigil of your senses that remain—experience of the unpeopled world beyond the sun. Consider your origin; ye were not formed like the brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge.' . . . Night already saw the pole with all its stars, and ours so low that it rose not from the ocean floor.

Ulysses' ten years of adventurous wandering are the theme of Homer's *Odyssey*. Dante, with his accustomed brevity, emphasizes the hero's untempered desire for wider experience, and it is this aspect of Ulysses' character which inspires the essentially modern philosophy of Tennyson's poem.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE POEM.—Apart from its general philosophical bearing the poem has the significance of a confession, as registering the strenuous resolve of the poet to be unsubdued by the personal sorrows which had befallen him. In a conversation with Mr. James Knowles upon the subject of *In Memoriam* (see *Nineteenth Century*, Jan. 1893), Tennyson said: "There is more about myself in *Ulysses*, which was written under the sense of loss and that all had gone by, but that still life must be fought out to the end. It was more written with the sense of his (Hallam's) loss upon me than many poems of *In Memoriam*." And in the *Memoir* (Vol. I., 196) we again have the poet's statement: "*Ulysses* was written soon after Arthur Hallam's death, and gave my feeling about the need of going forward, and braving the struggle of life perhaps more simply than anything in *In Memoriam*."

OPINIONS ON THE POEM.—The poem *Ulysses* has received unstinted praise from the critics. Mr. Stedman writes: "For virile grandeur and astonishingly compact expression, there is no blank verse poem, equally restricted as to length, that approaches the *Ulysses*: conception, imagery, and thought are royally imaginative, and the assured hand is Tennyson's throughout." Mr. Stopford Brooke contrasts the methods of Keats and Tennyson in the treatment of classical themes, the latter concerning himself not only with the beauty, but also with the ethic power of these stories: "Not like Keats, that he might find in ancient times a refuge from the baseness of the present, but that he might bring thoughts out of the past to rejoice and illuminate the present,

The speech of Pallas to Paris is spoken to England; the song of the Lotos-eater is a warning to the drifters and dreamers of our world; in the thoughts of Ulysses is held the power and the glory of England. Nevertheless, though these poems have an ethical direction, it is subordinate to their first direction, which is to represent the beauty of their subjects. No one who has any sense of art will presume to accuse them of being didactic rather than artistic."

TREATMENT OF CLASSICAL THEMES.—This poem amply justifies Tennyson's method of treating classical themes. He does not attempt laboriously to reconstruct with perfect accuracy the conditions of long distant ages. He aims at something better than this vain attempt to achieve an impossible result. Realising that he is a man of the modern age, he enters naturally into the splendid poetic inheritance which is the legacy of the past. These old world themes embody noble and enduring stories, the charm of which their continuance attests. The first artistic gain is therefore to have chosen a tale which has in it a permanent appeal for all succeeding generations. Another advantage is that by virtue of Tennyson's exquisite art the lover of the classics is perpetually reminded, sometimes in subtle fashion and sometimes directly, of phrases and expressions that have haunted the minds of men for centuries, and have become, as it were, the golden coin of thought. And finally the poet has something new, and of the coinage of his own brain to contribute to this golden store—a message to this strange yearning modern world of ours that strives perpetually towards an ever-shifting goal.

And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

2. among these barren crags. Ulysses' home is Ithaca, an island near the Gulf of Corinth.

10. the rainy Hyades. The Hyades were the five sisters of Hyas and they died with grief when he was killed by a boar. They became stars after their death, and may now be seen near Taurus, one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac. It was supposed that the rising and the setting of these stars was always attended with rain. Vergil calls them *pluvias Hyadas*.

15. **Myself not least** = myself not being least. An absolute construction.

17. **ringing plains**, *i.e.* from the sound of clanging armour. Compare Homer's *Iliad* Bk. V. "And he fell with a crash, and his armour clanged upon him." This is a constantly recurring expression in the *Iliad*.

windy Troy. The epithet "windy," as applied to Troy, is also Homeric.

19-21. However full our life has been of action there still gleams beyond us, as through an arch, the world of possible achievement. To this goal we urge onward, but the horizon ever recedes as we move. The arch typifies, perhaps, the limitation of our knowledge.

23. **To rust—use**. Note the appropriateness of these metaphors in a soldier's speech. Compare ll. 41-42 of *Love Thou Thy Land*.

27. **something more**. Nay, it is more than a mere hour saved, it brings with it a store of new experience.

30. **And this—desire**. These words may be in objective relation to the preceding verbs. Is there another possible explanation of the construction?

31-32. **To follow—thought**. Read the passage from Dante quoted above.

33. **Telemachus**. Telemachus was the first of Ulysses' family to discover the identity of his father when, after an absence of twenty years, he returned to Ithaca in the guise of a beggar.

35. **discerning** = sufficiently discerning. These lines are not devoid of sarcasm.

41. **offices of tenderness**, *i.e.* towards his mother, Penelope.

45. **gloom**. Compare a similar use of the word "dusk" in *The Lady of Shalott*, l. 11.

My mariners. We feel how much more congenial is the bluff companionship of these trusty mariners than the staid society of son and wife. In point of fact, Ulysses had returned alone to Ithaca, for all his vessels had been lost. "Tennyson's Ulysses is, after all, an Englishman of the Nelson wars rather than a Greek, and his feeling for his old salts is a distinctively Christian sentiment. So, indeed, is his desire for effort, discovery, labour to the end. It never would have occurred to Homer that Ulysses

could want anything for the rest of his life but pork-chops and Penelope."—(Bayne).

53. strove with Gods. Ulysses encountered the wrath of Poseidon, because he had slain Polyphemus, the son of the sea-god. Zeus was also angry at him, because his sailors had killed the herds of Helios.

55. Note the slow metrical movement of this line, another example of Tennyson's power to harmonize sound and sense. The whole passage is as exquisite as it is expressive.

58-59. and sitting -furrows. Homer's *Odyssey* has many similar lines, e.g.—"And sitting in order they smote the hoary sea with their oars."

59. holds = holds firm.

60-61. To sail stars. To sail ever westward until I die. These two lines afford a happy example of Tennyson's skill in poetical periphrasis. He also embodies the ancient idea that the stars actually sank into the sea. Cf. Homer's *Iliad*, XVIII., 488-489: "And the bear that men call also the Wain, her that turneth in her place and that watcheth Orion, and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean." Dante describes Ulysses as yearning for "experience of the unpeopled world beyond the sun." Cf. *supra*.

63. the Happy Isles. These are the *Fortunata Insulae* of the ancients, and are supposed to be the present Canary Islands to the west of Africa. "They were represented as the seats of the blessed, where the souls of the virtuous were placed after death. The air was wholesome and temperate, and the earth produced an immense number of various fruits without the labour of men." (Lemprière.) They might be engulfed in the sea, and so reach the "Happy Isles."

64. the great Achilles—the hero of the Trojan war. His mother, Thetis, one of the sea-deities, plunged him as a child into the River Styx, and thus made all his body invulnerable except the heel by which she held him. While he was still young, she asked him whether he preferred a long life, spent in obscurity and retirement, or a few years of military fame and glory. He chose the latter alternative, and at the close of the Trojan war received a death wound in his vulnerable heel. The arrow which slew him was aimed by Paris, whose seizure of Helen had caused the war.

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM

This political poem was first published in 1842, but was written as early as 1833. Aubrey de Vere's comment (*Memoir* II., 506) is valuable. "Two short poems of an extraordinary strength and majesty were written at this time; one would have thought that they had been written at a maturer period; but, if I remember right, they were suggested by some popular demonstrations connected with the Reform Bill of 1832, and its rejection by the House of Lords. Their political teaching shows that when but twenty-three years of age Tennyson's love of Liberty, which at all periods so strongly characterized his poetry, was accompanied by an equally strong conviction that Liberty must ever be a Moral Power beginning upon the spiritual 'heights' of wisdom, mutual respect and self-control; and that no despotism could be more fatal than that *tyranny of a majority* in which alone a material omnipotence is united with a legal one. These two poems begin respectively with the lines: 'You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,' and 'Of old sat Freedom on the heights.' Their massive grandeur results mainly from their brevity, and the austere simplicity of their diction, which belongs to what has sometimes been called the 'lapidary' style. Each might, indeed, have been carved upon the entablature of a temple; and I remember hearing an aged statesman exclaim that they reminded him of what he felt when, driving across the lonely plain of Paestum, he found himself confronted by its two temples. Their power consists largely in the perfection of poetic form with which each of them is invested

Freedom was in the early ages a remote and inaccessible ideal, and only broken fragments of her speech were wasted down from the heights. Then she revealed herself to man, and was seen to wear the badge and emblem of Britain's power. She gazes down from her island altar-throne (Britain), grasping the trident, which is the symbol of naval supremacy, and wearing the crown, which represents the freedom of constitutional monarchy.

15. God-like. Neptune was the God of ocean.

24. The falsehood of extremes. Compare *The Statesman*.

SONGS FROM THE PRINCESS

The interlude songs were inserted in the third edition of *The Princess* in 1850. According to the scheme of the poem, the story of *The Princess* is supposed to be narrated impromptu by seven young men in a group of men and ladies gathered on a summer day in a ruined abbey. The interlude songs are supposed to be sung by the ladies :

the women sang
Between the rougher voices of the men,
Like linnets in the pauses of the wind.

For the story of *The Princess* see Morris's *Tales from Ten Poets*, (Lippincott). The adjustment of women's true place and function in society is the motive of the poem, and to avoid undue didacticism, this serious subject is treated in a spirit of sympathetic humour. Tennyson realised that the "two great social questions impending in England were 'the housing and education of the poor man before making him our master, and the higher education of women;' and that the sooner woman finds out, before the great educational movement begins, that 'woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse,' the better it will be for the progress of the world." (*Memoir* I., 249).

PURPOSE OF THE SONGS.—Tennyson's contention is that his Princess Ida has taken up a false and unnatural position. Woman was not meant to isolate herself upon the intellectual heights, but to diffuse the charm of human sympathy in a world that sorely needs it. Consequently, we find that the interlude songs dwell exclusively upon the tenacity of human affection, while of the six songs four emphasize the healing and the purifying power of the love of children. This is in harmony with Tennyson's admission that Lady Psyche's child, and not the Lady Ida, is the true heroine of the piece. Throughout all the stubborn extravagance of the Princess, her love for this child causes to vibrate in her heart, although unconsciously, the chords of human sympathy. Mr. S. E. Dawson, of Ottawa, developed this fact in his admirable study of *The Princess*, and his review evoked from Tennyson the most valuable literary confession which he ever penned. In this letter he writes of the songs as follows :—"I may tell you that the songs were not an afterthought. Before the first

edition came out I deliberated with myself whether I should put songs in between the separate divisions of the poem : again, I thought, the poem will explain itself ; but the public did not see that the child, as you say, was the heroine of the piece, and at last I conquered my laziness and inserted them." (See also *Memoir* I. 254).

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

This is not one of the interlude songs, but is imbedded in the story. The students and professors of Princess Ida's College have spent a summer afternoon in scientific exploration,

Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names
Of shale and hornblende, rag and trap and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte.

Then from the wrinkled precipices they descended with the setting sun to the lamp-lit tent :

There leaning deep in broider'd down we sank
Our elbows : on a tripod in the midst
A fragrant flame rose, and before us glow'd
Fruit, blossom, viand, amber wine, and gold.

Then she "Let some one sing to us : lightlier move
The minutes fledged with music ;" and a maid,
Of those beside her, smote her harp, and sang :
"Tears, idle tears"

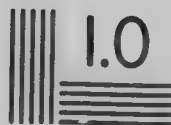
In the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1893, Mr. James Knowles relates a conversation with Tennyson upon this poem : "It is in a way like St. Paul's 'groanings which cannot be uttered.' It was written at Tintern when the woods were all yellowing with autumn seen through the ruined windows. It is what I have always felt, even from a boy, and what as a boy I called the 'passion of the past.' And it is so always with me now ; it is the distance that charms me in the landscape, the picture and the past, and not the immediate to-day in which I move."

This "passion of the past" forms the theme of the exquisite verses, *Far, far away*, and the same inarticulate regret for the



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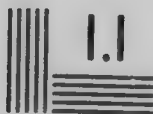
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vanished past enters into various passages throughout the poems, as for example in *The Two Voices*:

Moreover, something is or seems
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams,
Of something felt like something here,
Of something done I know not where,
Such as no language may declare.

Another similar passage occurs in *The Ancient Sage*:

To-day? but what of yesterday? for oft
On me, when boy, there came what then I call'd,—
Who knew no books and no philosophies,
In my boy-phrase, "The Passion of the Past."
The first gray streak of earliest summer-dawn,
The last long stripe of waning crimson gloom,
As if the late and early were but one—
A height, a broken grange, a grove, a flower
Had murmurs "Lost and gone, and lost and gone!"
A breath, a whisper—some divine farewell—
Desolate sweetness—far and far away.

The haunting memories of a prenatal past are in Wordsworth's great ode an intimation of immortality.

It will be noted that this poem is in blank verse.

7. **from the underworld.** From below the horizon.

THE INTERLUDE SONGS

It is not necessary to discuss these in separate detail. The first poem reveals the reconciling power of the love of children. The lullaby commemorates the love of a father for his child. The memories of wife and child will draw the sailor father homeward over the western sea. In the third poem we realise the transiency of earthly echoes. But the echoes of the soul endure for ever. In the next lyric the thought of home and family nerves the soldier's arm in battle. In the following poem we learn how it is the love of children which preserves the heart from breaking after grievous loss. The last song is different in character,

and is closely associated with Part VII. of the poem of which it forms the prologue. Princess Ida has consented to nurse the wounded Prince, and her reluctant yielding to the passion of love is foreshadowed in this lyric.

AS THRO' THE LAND

Originally lines 6-9 did not form part of the poem. The poem is stronger without them.

SWEET AND LOW

Lines 14 and 15 are grammatically unrelated to the context. A thought connection suffices.

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS

This lyric was written on the Lake of Killarney. Mr. Dawson, in his *Study of the Princess*, writes: "The theme is a harp antithesis, arising out of a surface analogy between the echoes of a bugle on a mountain lake, and the influences of soul upon soul through growing distances of time. In the case of the "Horns of Elfland"—

They die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river.

Fainter comes the echo in proportion to the receding distance.
But how different with the influences of the soul:

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And *grow* for ever and for ever.

The stress of meaning is on the word *grow*. The song is evidently one of married love, and the growing echoes reverberate from generation to generation, from grandparent to parent and grandchild. Once more it is unity through the family. In the first song, a unity through the past; in the second, a unity in the present; and in this, a unity for the future."

O SWALLOW, SWALLOW

This song follows immediately after *Tears, Idle Tears*, in Canto IV. It is sung by the prince.

11. *tender ash delays*. "In England the ash is one of the latest trees to come into leaf; this seldom takes place earlier than June, and frequently not until late in that month."

OUR ENEMIES HAVE FALLEN

This song is sung by the Princess Ida in Canto VI, after the tournament which ended in the defeat of the party of the prince.

Percy M. Wallace says: "The tone and language of this song are based upon the main idea that inspires it, viz., a comparison between the cause represented by the college and a tree. In these five stanzas are traced, with all the splendor of inspired diction, the slight beginnings of the movement, its hardly perceptible growth at first, its gradual evolution, the sacred character of its aims and ideals, the insolence displayed towards it by the world, the contemptuous preparations for its destruction, the futility of this ill-considered design, the assertion by the fully-developed organism of its strength and independence, the ignominious repulse of the scornful invader, and the eventual triumphant progress of the institution towards an era of universal power, beauty, and beneficence."

9. *to the fall*. Marked with a cross chalked on the tree to signify that it is doomed to destruction.

24. *the fangs*. Roots.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Published on the day of the Duke's funeral, on November 18th, 1852. Revised and reprinted in 1853, and finally revised for the *Maud* volume in 1855. On its first appearance it met with small favour, but with each revision its popularity increased,

and it is now considered as one of the finest patriotic poems in the language.

The Duke of Wellington died on September 14th, 1852, at Walmer Castle, which was his official residence as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. The State funeral at St. Paul's Cathedral was one of the most impressive of the century.

Mr. Stopford Brooke, in his *Tennyson* (London and New York, 1894), says of this ode : "This is one of his finest poems. It was fitting that the foremost man in England, who had worn his honours with a quiet simplicity for so many years in the 'fierce light' which shines on a world-wide fame, and in whom the light never found anything mean or fearful, should, after his death, receive this great and impassioned tribute.

"Let all England mourn her greatest son ; let all England thank God for him, and bury him with honour upon honour"—that is the motive of the beginning of the poem ; and it is worthy to be felt by a poet and a nation. Magnanimity and magnificence, great-mindedness and great-doing, are the life-blood of a people. To celebrate them with a lavish splendour when he who embodied them in life is dead, is a lesson in a people's education. Then Tennyson passes to the Duke's glory in war, and perhaps in all commemorative odes there is nothing finer than his imagination of Nelson waking from his grave in St. Paul's and wondering who was coming, with this national mourning, to lie beside him

"This is as great a poem as the character was which it celebrated. The metrical movement rushes on where it ought to rush, delays where it ought to delay. Were the poem set by Handel, its rhythmical movements could scarcely be more fit from point to point to the things spoken of, more full of stately, happy changes. Moreover, the conduct of the piece is excellent. It swells upward in fuller harmony and growing thought till it reaches its climax in the division (vi.) about Nelson and Wellington. Then it slowly passes downwards in solemn strains like a storm dying in the sky, and at the end closes in soft spiritual passages of ethereal sound, like the lovely clouds about the setting sun when the peace of evening has fallen on a tempestuous day. Its conduct is then the conduct of one form of the true lyric, that whose climax is in the midst, and not at the close."

24. **blood.** Used figuratively.

37. **iron nerve.** He was known as the "Iron Duke."

46. **the bell.** The great bell of St. Paul's is tolled only upon the rarest occasions.

47-48. **Render—mould.** The repetition of the word "render" in a separate connection is not commendable.

49. **cross of gold.** The dome of St. Paul's is surmounted by a gilded cross.

97. **Nor ever—gun.** He told Lord Ellesmere: "I don't think I ever lost a gun in my life." The few that were lost were recovered.

99. **Assaye.** A small town of Hindostan. Here Wellington, as General Wellesley, commenced his victorious career by defeating the Mahratta army in 1803. They numbered forty thousand to his five thousand.

104. **The treble works.** These were the famous lines of Torres Vedras, behind which Wellington withstood a winter's siege from the French general, Massena, in 1810-1811. In March he pursued the French, and defeating them with loss, ultimately drove them from the country.

112. **Till o'er the hills.** Wellington saved the Peninsula by the battle of Vittoria in June, 1813.

her eagles. The French standards.

123. **On that loud sabbath.** Waterloo was fought on Sunday, June 18th, 1815.

128-129. **Thro'—ray.** "As they (the British and the Prussians) joyously sprang forward against the discomfited masses of the French, the setting sun broke through the clouds and glittered on the bayonets of the allies."—(Creasy, *Decisive Battles*.)

151-155. **a people yet—showers.** Compare *The Princess*, Conclusion, 51-55 :—

God bless the narrow sea which keeps her off,
And keeps our Britain, whole within herself,
A nation yet.

153. **lawless Powers.** A reference to the revolutions throughout Europe of the year 1848. England remained uninfluenced by these outbreaks.

161. **whole.** Unrent by faction and revolution.

168. **And drill** = and ye drill.

170. **But wink--overtrust.** Do not slothfully disregard danger. "Britons guard your own!" In 1852 the House of Commons rejected a bill for the reorganization of the militia. At this time there was a suspicion that Napoleon III., who had possessed himself of the French throne, had hostile designs upon England. Tennyson voiced the national sentiment in three stirring lyrics contributed to the *Examiner*. "Britons guard your own!" "Third of February, 1852," and "Hands all round."

172. **He bad--coasts.** Wellington drew up a paper in 1848, urging the fortification of the Channel Islands and English seaport towns, and an increase of the army and the militia. His advice was disregarded.

183. **Whose life--rife.** "Certain of Wellington's sayings, such as 'A great country ought never to make little wars,' have passed into aphorisms." (Rowe and Webb).

186-187. **Whose--right.** An unmistakable reference to Napoleon III.'s usurpation of power by the *coup d'état*.

215-217. **Shall find--sun.** Duty is apostrophized by Wordsworth in a similar spirit:

Stern lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The godhead's most benignant grace,
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

First published in the London *Examiner*, December 9th, 1854. Revised in the following year for the *Maud* volume. The revision not proving acceptable, the present form, which is closer to the original poem, was adopted. To the quarto sheet of four pages on which the poem was printed, Tennyson added the following note:—

"Having heard that the brave soldiers before Sebastopol, whom I am proud to call my countrymen, have a liking for my ballad on the 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' I have ordered a thousand copies to be printed for them. No writing of mine can add to the glory they have acquired in the Crimea; but if what I have heard be true, they will not be displeased to receive these copies of the ballad from me, and to know that those who sit at home love and honour them.

"ALFRED TENNYSON

The charge which this poem commemorates was as useless as it was heroic. The six hundred and thirty men had to traverse a deadly gap of a mile and a half before closing with a vastly superior force. They captured the guns, only to find themselves surrounded and unsupported. The remnant of this little band wheeled about and cut their way back to their own lines, mowed down as they retired by the Russian batteries. They then once more "wheeled round to face the enemy, dressed up as if on parade, and burst into a cheer of exultation and defiance."

ENOCH ARDEN

First published in 1864 in a volume together with *Aylmer's Field*, *Sea Dreams*, *Tithonus*, *The Northern Farmer*, *The Voyage* and other poems. Earlier in the year a volume entitled *Idylls of the Hearth*, identical in almost every respect with the later book, was printed but not published. The title of the earlier book clearly indicates the nature of the contents. It is one of the rarest of the trial volumes, a copy having been sold recently in New York for \$225. The success of these poems was instantaneous, an edition of 60,000 being sold within a short time of publication. Indeed, with the possible exception of *In Memoriam* this volume has remained as the most popular of all Tennyson's works. The poet himself had his heart in the poems. Hallam, Lord Tennyson says in the *Memoir*: "The joy of my father in heroism whether of a past age or of the present, and his delight in celebrating it, are more than ever apparent in this volume of 1864. He was especially happy when writing of his 'Old Fisherman.' . . . It took him only about a fortnight to write *Enoch Arden*, within a little summer house in the meadow called Maiden's Croft, looking over Freshwater Bay and towards the downs. In this meadow he paced up and down, making his lines; and then wrote them in his MS. book on the table of the summer house which he himself had designed and painted."

SOURCES OF THE STORY. The story of *Enoch Arden* was told to Tennyson by Thomas Woolner, the sculptor. The story came originally from Suffolk, but of course the poet has changed the scene to suit himself. In his trip to Brittany, just before the publication of *Enoch Arden*, Tennyson gained many additional details which he afterwards used.

A somewhat interesting discussion has arisen concerning the indebtedness of Tennyson to other poems and stories of a nature simi-

lar to *Enoch Arden*. Indeed the specific accusation of plagiarism has more than once been made in connection with this particular poem. Of course any charge of this kind is at once laid at rest by the statement of the poet that he was not familiar with any other treatment of the story when he wrote the poem, but it may be of interest to note some of the more important stories published before *Enoch Arden*, which deal with the same theme. Mr. Calvin S. Brown has an exhaustive article on this subject in *Modern Language Notes* for June, 1897, and it is to this article that the editor is indebted for the information here given.

The story of a man cast away on a desert island is a commonplace one from the time of Alexander Selkirk and the tale of Robinson Crusoe to the present. There are a number of poems both in French and German which treat the topic, but these have no particular bearing on *Enoch Arden*. The Spanish story contained in *Gil Blas*, however, comes much nearer. "Don Alvaro de Mello married Donna Mencia de Mosquera. A few days after the marriage he fought a rival and fled. After seven years a report came to Donna Mencia of the death of her husband, and, yielding to the importunities of family and friends, she married another. Don Alvaro, however, returned. He generously offered not to disturb her, but she declined the offer and they fled together." Lady Anne Barnard's ballad of *Auld Robin Gray* contains a very pathetic story, but here the lovers are engaged, not married. Crabbe's poem *The Parting Hour* has the story of an engaged couple who met with a similar misfortune. In this case the rival's name was Philip. The young lady remained constant for ten years and then married. After forty years the lover returned, old and broken, to his former home.

The two stories, however, which bear a very close and really remarkable resemblance to *Enoch Arden* are *Reminiscences of a Clergyman*, written in 1841 by Miss Lucy Hooper; and *Homeward Bound*, published in 1858 by Miss Adelaide Proctor. In the former "a young man who had made several voyages married a gentle girl and lived happily at home for five years. The old love of the sea returning, he made another voyage and was seized by pirates. After many years he returned to America, and found his wife married to his younger brother. He went to her home, leaned over the gate and gazed upon her. He saw her children and heard their voices. His heart grew sick and he hurried from the scene." In the latter a sailor was wrecked off Algiers, and captured by the Moors, who kept

him in slavery for ten years. At last he was freed and returned to England. His experiences after his landing in England are almost similar to those of Enoch. He finds his wife married to an old comrade, and her family growing up beside her.

She was seated by the fire,
In her arms she held a child,
Whispering baby words careless;
And then, looking up, she smiled;
Smiled on him who stood 'beside her—
Oh! the bitter truth was told,
In her look of trusting fondness—
I had seen the look of old."

The three recognize one another, but the husband, after blessing his wife, leaves the country. *Sylvia's Lovers* by Mrs. Gaskell, published in 1863, has a story which corresponds in some of its essential details to that of Enoch. In this case the rival, whose name is Philip, is aware that the husband has been carried away by a press-gang, and finally persuades the young lady to marry him. The husband returns on a ship named *The Good Fortune*, and makes himself known to the wife. The two husbands have a violent quarrel and both leave the village. Hawthorne's *Wakefield* referred to in the note to Line 754, also has some bearing on the poem.

It is altogether probable that Tennyson, Miss Proctor and Mrs. Gaskell were indebted to the same or a similar source for their narratives. At any rate Tennyson's own specific statement should settle the question.

THE POEM AS AN IDYLL. *Blackwood's Magazine* holds strongly to the opinion that *Enoch Arden* is an Idyll in the true sense of the word. "*Enoch Arden* is a true idyll. It is a simple story of a seafaring man's sorrows; not aspiring to the dimensions or the pompous march of the strain which sings heroes and their exploits, but charming the heart by its true pathos, and the ear by a sweet music of its own. It fulfills so far as we understand them the conditions of the modern Idyll: which are, to depict the joys and sorrows of humble life—to describe those beauties of nature which, unperceived, enhance the former and soothe the latter—and (most important of all) to be short. Such notably are *The Gardener's Daughter* and

Dora with their sweet English landscapes and true and tender feeling. Similar idylls abound in Wordsworth's poems; but had *he* undertaken such a tale as *Enoch Arden*, we feel certain he would have left our last condition unfulfilled. Now one thing especially to be praised in *Enoch Arden* is the conciseness with which the poet tells his story. He indulges in no digressions, in no descriptions which are not required for its full comprehension; he rehearses no long conversations and makes no unnecessary remarks of his own. On the one hand there is no sentimental dawdling over the sad situations which occur in the narrative; on the other there is no hurry in its march and no excessive compression in any of its portions."

On the other hand, Dawson holds that the ornate diction of the poem precludes its being considered as an Idyll. He says: "In subject it is purely idyllic, in diction it is elaborately ornate. . . . In no single instance throughout the poem is Tennyson content to speak in the language of simplicity. The phrases are often happy, often expressive, but always stiff with an elaborate word chiselling. To express the very homely circumstance that Enoch Arden was a fisherman and sold fish, we are told that he vended 'ocean-spoil in ocean smelling osier.' . . . As an English idyll, therefore, *Enoch Arden* fails. As a poem of the ornate school it is excellent."

THE SUPERNATURAL ELEMENT IN THE POEM. *Blackwood's Magazine* for November, 1864, contains such an admirable statement of the supernatural or preternatural element in the poem that it is here quoted almost in full:

"Amongst other things, we have been struck by the delicate management of that slight infusion of the supernatural which adds dignity to its humble hero's fate; and it seems the more worth pointing out, because its necessary unobtrusiveness makes it liable to pass unnoticed. . . .

"The few superstitions which still linger amongst us form no part of any recognized creed, and are not openly acknowledged even by those who hold them. It was different for the tragic poet who represented witches in the days when trials for witchcraft were of common occurrence; or for him who made his whole tragedy turn on an oracle's fulfillment when men still went to consult Apollo at Delphi. And even those poets took good care not to strike lowly heads with these awful lightnings, to reserve their chief supernatural terrors for the fates of chieftains and kings. In a poem like *Enoch Arden*, it

would be an unpardonable error to give foreshadowings of the future anything like the place held by the words of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*, or by the oracle's responses in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. Tennyson has been so far from committing this mistake that he scarcely calls the reader's attention to his prophecies, and not at all to their accomplishment. It is for this reason that we are particular in remarking them. They are of three sorts—unconscious predictions, presentiments, and dreams.

"The first unconscious prophecy occurs at the beginning of the poem. Its destined heroine, Annie, says to her two boy playmates, in her childish ignorance, that 'she would be little wife to both of them.' Wife to both her fate dooms her to be. The second is uttered later on, when her first husband tells her of the long voyage he means to undertake; and she exclaims, after vainly trying to dissuade him from it,

" "Well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."
"Well, then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours."

In that most touching scene near the close of the poem, when Enoch shrouded in the darkness without, gazes on his lost wife through the window, his *own* words come true; when, on his deathbed, he kindly says of her,

" "She must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life,"

he causes the fulfilment of *hers*. In the next place, we have Annie's presentiments. Her husband's tools, as they sound for the last time in their house, strike her ear as if raising 'her own death-scaffold.' And when, after she has long mourned him as dead, she marries again, we read:

" So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone."

And, besides prediction and presentiment, we have Annie's mysterious dream, which (according to her own interpretation) justifies her second marriage. . . . She beholds Enoch seated "under a palm-tree, over him the sun;" as he doubtless was at that moment in the island on which he had been wrecked, and where the ghostly echo of her wedding-bells is so soon to torment his ear. But the true vision is but a lying dream to his wife. In her simplicity she cannot think of palms as real trees growing in foreign lands. Her mind flies to scriptural associations.

"He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
'Hosanna in the highest'!"

And the last obstacle to her marriage with Philip is removed.

"Now, these foreshadowings of the future may be believed or disbelieved at pleasure. Men may regard them as a guardian angel's warnings. They may equally consider them as mere singular coincidences. Their ancient credit yet survives to some extent. Of old men have echoed a chance word—spoken with one intent, caught up with another—as an unerring and divine direction; and even now few comparatively attach no weight whatever to dreams and presentiments. Especially would such a woman as Annie think her own of importance. We may be sure that, after she knew the truth, she would often dwell on their mysterious meaning, and on how she had failed to apprehend it until too late. And thus these judicious touches of the supernatural make the tale in which they occur seem additionally *natural* and *life-like*.

"But if the Laureate thus knows how to deal with the unwarranted beliefs of the simple, and how to extract from them poetical embellishment, he also knows how to make a noble use of their religious faith. The grandest and most poetical book in the English language lies as open to the poor as to the rich, and is often more deeply pondered by the former than by the latter. And it is not too much to say that some of the most beautiful passages in *Enoch Arden* are those in which the Holy Scriptures are so judiciously quoted."

Tainsh in the first edition of his *A Study of the Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson*, took strong exception to this supernatural element.

A copy of the book was sent to the poet, who took the trouble to write to the author in regard to this point. Among other things Tennyson says: "A friend of mine told me that he had heard his own parish bells in the midst of an eastern desert, not knowing at the time it was Sunday. He accounted for it to me by stating that there was a ringing in his ears which his old associations moulded unconsciously into the sound he heard. There is nothing really supernatural, mechanically or otherwise, in E. A.'s hearing bells: though the author most probably did intend the passage to tell upon the reader mystically."

THE CHARACTERS IN THE POEM. It is curious to note how, in the almost innumerable commentaries upon *Enoch Arden*, the personality of Enoch is alone considered. Philip is almost entirely ignored in considering the characters, while Annie is introduced only to apologize for her or to point out her defects. Waugh describes Annie as "a type of simple, uninspired womanhood, incapable of genuine passion and lasting faithfulness--leading the life of a quiet, domestic animal, without spirit or intellect." Tainsh considers her as "a faithful, loving woman as ordinary men and women go, but she is of the common, not of the highest type. This is seen all through the poem. Her long hesitation about marrying Philip is as much fear as fidelity. It was through her suggestion, half or wholly conscious, it may be, that he first spoke of it to her. After she is married, an almost fear of Enoch's return seems to haunt her."

The character of Philip is done full justice by J. Cuming Walter and by the writer in the *Quarterly Review*, in the course of discussions of the two men. Walter says: "There is no comparison between Enoch and his rival Philip. The one is head-strong, impetuous, undaunted, unyielding; the other is patient, submissive, gentle and complaisant. The one can brook no delay, tolerate no doubt; he is full of manly passion and ardor, and until he has won his wife is unsatisfied. The other, though never reluctant or hesitating, can always wait, always subdue his feelings, always remain faithful and believe in the faith of others. Both men are heroes, both are men to admire, both are men of true heart and pure purpose and yet they 'stand off in difference so mighty.' Both men had their victory and their defeat, and, knowing the spirit of each who shall say which triumphed the more?—Philip with his wife won by years of waiting, or Enoch, knowing his power, and dying in secret to save

the woman he loved from a moment's regret?" The *Quarterly Review* speaks of Enoch and Philip as "two characters of finely contrasted temper, which contrast is marvellously worked out as each passes into the fortune of the other. Enoch, early thrown upon his own resources; intense in feeling, resolute and disdainful of gentlemen; Philip, well-to-do, not driven to energy by want, beginning life in gentle care for others, losing his holiday in nutting time—his father being sick and needing him—and yielding still a higher sacrifice of all, his hope in love: Enoch, brought then to live as Philip did, reft of his love and bound to inactivity, and lastly yielding all in a noble self-repulse, which a nature so intense as his could only have achieved; Philip meanwhile drawn slowly into action by the strength of others' needs, and bringing into light his tender forethought, kindly constancy, and delicate reserve. With Philip's sacrifice the scenes begin; with Enoch's sacrifice they end."

Further comments on the character of Enoch are given under notes to Line 795.

CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE POEM. "No poem could be better suited to Tennyson's genius. It is long enough to produce an effect of creative power rather than creative prettiness; yet not too long to embarrass the poet with complexity of plot, diversity of character, or extent of prospect. And, besides restricted scheme and scope, there are other respects in which it is peculiarly adapted to his poetic powers and tastes, especially the simplicity of a theme arising from lowly life. But simplicity in art, if absolutely natural, is beautiful and impressive, by virtue of its striking perfectness; and whether the simplicity be the result of unconscious art, as in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or of conscious art, rendered practically unconscious by emotion, as in *Enoch Arden*, such works have a double charm; they will commend themselves to all classes of readers; to the unlearned by their artlessness, to the learned by the instinct or the art which makes that artlessness real and apparent."—*Morton Luce*.

"*Enoch Arden*, in sustained beauty, bears a relation to his shorter pastorals similar to that existing between the epic and his minor heroic verse. Coming within the average range of emotions, it has been very widely read. This poem is in its author's purest idyllic style; noticeable for evenness of tone, clearness of diction, successful description of coast and ocean—finally, for the loveliness

and fidelity of its *genre* scenes. In study of a class below him, hearts 'centred in the sphere of common duties,' the Laureate is unsurpassed." *Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

The student should, if possible, read the article on *Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning; or Pure, Ornate, and Grotesque Art in English Poetry*, by Walter Bagehot, in Vol. II of his *Literary Studies* (Longmans). It is an admirable study of the language and style of the poem.

Shortly after *Enoch Arden* was published two critical articles appeared in the *Quarterly Review* and in *Blackwood's Magazine*. These two articles show such a genuine appreciation of the poem and cover the ground so completely that the editor has not hesitated to quote freely from them, both in the introductory matter and in the notes.

1. **Long lines of cliff.** "We ask attention here, not to the direct purpose of the description alone, but also to the fine craft by which these opening lines are made to serve the unity of the piece. Out of the chord thus struck, every future change will flow, and no unmeaning note is found within it. Ever in our mind will be the sea and its power, with the life of work and the life of rest upon the limit of it. There will be also the church with its memories, its giving in marriage, and its gathering of the dead together in hope; and there again the mill, and high in heaven behind the gray and breezy down, which with the sea, gave strength and breadth to the hearts of those who lived upon them, and whose hazelwood, in its cup-like hollow, resounded to their childish mirth, and was the kindly shelter of the passions of their stronger years."—*The Quarterly Review.*

3. **Red roofs.** Roofs made of red tiles.

4. **Higher.** Further up.

6. **Down.** A tract of naked, hilly land.

7. **Danish barrows.** Burial mounds supposed to date from the Danish conquest of England.

17. **Swarthy.** Black from exposure to the weather.

32. **Helpless wrath.** "A good example of Tennyson's felicitous condensation of phrase."—*ibid.*

36. **Little wife.** The poem is full of unconscious prophecy. See Lines 193, 212 and 213.

38. **Ascending sun.** The warmth of passion of maturer years.

54. **Full sailor.** Able-bodied seaman.

57. **May.** Typical of youth.
63. **Great and small.** Refers to *people* in Line 62.
67. **Prone edge.** Where the wood began to give place to the low and irregularly placed shrubs.
72. **As on an altar.** A beautiful and striking way of expressing the great love that Enoch had for Annie.
78. **Rose.** What is the suggestion in this word?
94. **Osier.** Willow fish-baskets smelling of the sea.
96. **Market-cross.** It was customary in England in the old days to erect a stone cross in the centre of the village market-place. Many of these ancient crosses are still standing.
98. **Portal-warding.** The carved figure of a lion placed above the gateway and apparently guarding the place. A crowned lion surmounts the gateway of Scrivelsby Court in Lincolnshire, near the home of Tennyson's boyhood.
99. **Peacock-yewtree.** A yewtree cut into the form of a peacock.
100. **Friday fare.** The food for Friday—a fast-day of the Church—was provided by Enoch.
112. **God-fearing man.** Note the stress that Tennyson lays, throughout the poem, on the religious element in the character of both Enoch and Annie.
128. **Shadow of mischance.** The accident that had just happened
132. **Isles a light.** There are several interpretations of this figure given, depending upon whether *isles* is considered as a noun or as a verb. Rolfe interprets: "The cloud on the horizon seems like an island with the light upon it." Webb explains: "The cloud, coming between the spectators and the sun, forms an island of reflected light on the seaward horizon." Brown, following the French editor Courtoise, holds that the meaning is: "As when some small cloud cuts off the fiery highway of the sun and isles cut off a light in the offing." Rolfe's explanation was subsequently sanctioned by Lord Tennyson.
175. **Death scaffold.** Note the presentiment of all. **Shrilled.** Refers to *auger and saw* in Line 174.
186. **That mystery.** See *M. in Arthur*, Lines 247-253.
196. **Nay.** A reproachful look from Annie is implied.
206. **The village girl.** Tennyson speaks of this simile as one of the tenderest he had ever written.

212. **No more.** *Acts XX, 38.*

220. **Shipshape.** A very appropriate expression borrowed from the everyday vocabulary of the sailor.

222. **Cast all your cares.** This passage is made up almost entirely of scriptural phrases. See I *Peter* v-7; *Psalms* cxxxix, 7, 8 and 9; *Psalms* xcv-5.

247. **To chime with his.** Did her best to carry out his wishes.

268. **Caged bird.** "Wonderful as are many of Mr. Tennyson's descriptive rhythms, perhaps none have shown such marvellous and subtle skill as these three lines, which, catching the reader 'ere he is aware,' by their quickened flight and the sudden hurry of their cadence, leave him with parted lips."—*The Quarterly Review*.

282. **Toward the wall.** *Isaiah xxxviii-1-3.*

326. **Garth.** Garden.

337. **Conies.** Rabbits.

340. **Whistled.** "Made a shrill noise as its sails turned round in the wind."—*Webb*.

370. **Prone edge.** See Lines 67 and 68. Note the Homeric repetition of lines and epithets throughout the poem.

382. **Dark hour.** See line 78.

470. **Calculation crost.** They expected that ere this Annie would have been married to Philip.

477. **Serpents' eggs.** "The eggs of serpents are deposited in numbers holding together by a viscous substance which covers them."—*Brown*.

489. **Brook'd not.** Could not bear the terror she felt in waiting an answer to her prayer.

492. **A Sign.** This method of divination—*Sortes Biblicæ*—was formerly common. The *Æneid* of Vergil and the *Iliad* of Homer were employed for the same purpose. The book was opened at random and the first passage that the eye lit upon was considered as having a personal application and as a Divine response.

494. **A palmtree.** "And she dwelt under the palmtree of Deborah." *Judges* iv-5.

499. **Hosanna.** *Matthew* xxi-8-9

500. **Sun of Righteousness.** *Malachi* iv-2.

507. **So these were wed.** See Line 171.

523. **Prosperously sail'd.** With this description, remarkable as a word-picture, should be compared Tennyson's *The Voyage*. Stanzas I-VII.

527. **Summer of the world.** The equator. Note the use of the word *slipt*.

538. **Sea-circle.** The circle of vision bounded by the horizon.

545. **Fire-hollowing.** Burning out the centre with fire in default of other tools.

568. **The mountain, etc.** Bagehot remarks of this passage: "The description of the tropical island in which the sailor is thrown is an absolute model of adorned art. No expressive circumstance can be added, no enhancing detail suggested." Stopford Brooke, however, is not favourably impressed with the description. He says: "This is the one distinct description of nature in the poem, and, though it is good, it is not as good as another poet who sympathized more with that type of nature would have made it. Tennyson was out of his element when he was away from England. And this description, with which he seems to have taken great pains, is not fused together by any feeling for the nature described; there is no colour in it but scarlet; and the one line in it which is first rate might have been written in Cornwall from sight."

Further on Brooke speaks of the passage as "emotionless" and explains this by saying: "When I call these lines emotionless, I only mean that they are not thrilled with any affection for the scenery itself. They are full with another kind of emotion—of Enoch's misery, of his hatred for the incessant and foreign beauty of the land and sea. And it may be that the faint praise I give them ought to be, in another aspect, the fullest praise possible. Perhaps the poet made them cold that he might express the weary anger of Enoch's heart."

575. **Broad belt.** The Torrid Zone.

594. **Hollower-bellowing.** The roar of the ocean sounded deeper in the silence of the night.

597. **Golden Lizard.** A very timid and shy animal

598. **Phantom.** "A shadowy scene composed of many shadowy objects."—*Webb*.

606. **Dewy-glooming.** The dew in the early morning made the downs look even darker.

635. **Muttering and mumbling.** "We can scarcely pass this topic, however, without allusion to that which seems to us the most vulnerable point in the poem. Arden, all due allowance made, must have passed at least full seven years of solitary life upon his island, and it is a serious question whether any human being, much more a man of his intensity of nature, could have passed through this ordeal

and kept his wits. The awful consequences of much shorter periods of utter solitude are well known, although we admit, on the other hand, that in the present state of psychology, it is difficult to pronounce either way with certainty."—*The Quarterly Review*.

636. **Rage.** Because he could not speak articulately.

638. **Sweet water.** Fresh water, not salt.

641. **Loosen'd.** *Mark vii-35.*

655. **All his blood.** Through his whole system.

656. **Morning-breath of England.** "This is Tennyson's one long poem about the poor, for Enoch is always a poor man. And it is characteristic of him that he chooses for his hero among the working classes one who belongs to the sea rather than the land, a fisherman and then a merchant sailor; for, next to his sweet, soft English southern land, he loved the sea. He saw it day by day for a great part of his life, from his home in the Isle of Wight. It dwelt in his observing imagination, and he knew, all along the coast, its moods and fantasies, its steadiness and its changes, its ways of thinking and feeling and acting. But he loved it not only for itself, but for the sake of the English folk that sailed upon it, whose audacity and constancy had made England the mistress of the Deep. He loved it also as a part of England and her Empire. Wherever over all the oceans, Tennyson's imagination bore him, he felt that there from tropic to pole, and from pole to tropic, he was in England. His love of country and his love of the sea were fused into one passion."—*Stopford Brooke*.

657. **Ghostly wall.** The chalk cliffs on the southern coast.

667. **Either haven.** See Line 102.

668. **Sea-haze.** "The sea-fog which swallows up the sunshine is emblematic of the disappointment which awaits the bright hopes of Enoch's return."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

671. **Holt or tilth.** Woodland and plowed land.

675. **Drizzle, gloom.** Compare that sympathetic attitude of nature here with its unsympathetic attitude in lines 668-695.

684. **Bill of sale.** A notice that the house was for sale.

686. **Pool.** Harbour.

688. **Timber-crost.** The front was formed of timbers placed crosswise, the spaces between being filled with plaster or bricks. Anne Hathaway's cottage at Stratford-on-Avon is a familiar example.

712. **Lost.** "We may briefly record our admiration for the sustained power and absence of maudlin sentiment with which the last

scenes of *Enoch Arden* are put before us. They are very pathetic; and they are never foolishly sentimental. The way in which Enoch is stunned by the news of his wife's second marriage; his longing to see her, and assure himself that she is happy; the picture of peace and comfort within Philip's house, which throws into stronger relief the anguish of the wretched husband and father as he stands without; Enoch's grand (if not strictly just) self-sacrifice, as, recovering from the shock of seeing what only to hear of had been sufficient, he repeats his resolution to himself, "Not to tell her, never to let her know": all these things in the hands of a French writer, aiming at the *déclatant* and the *larmoyant*, would have been morbidly painful. Mr. Tennyson so tells them that they elevate our minds by the sight of a spirit refining to its highest perfection in the purgatorial fires of earth."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

724. **Allured.** A peculiarly appropriate figure. A similar thought occurs in *The Princess*.

"Fixt like a beacon-tower above the waves
Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye
Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the light
Dash themselves dead."

733. **Shingle.** Seashore gravel.

754. **Dead man.** "The fascinating fancy which Hawthorne elaborated under the title *Wakefield*, of a man withdrawing from his home and severing himself for many years from his family, yet stealing to the windows in the darkness, to see wife and children, and the change time works in his familiar circle, is reproduced in *Enoch Arden*, except that the separation is involuntary and the unbetrayed looking-in upon the change of years is not a mere psychological diversion, but an act of the highest moral heroism. Indeed the tale is profoundly tragical and is a rare tribute to the master passion of the human heart. It is not the most subtle selfishness, whispers the poet: it is the perfection of self-denial."—*George William Curtis*.

775. **Prone.** Compare this picture with that in Lines 75-79.

795. **He was not all unhappy.** "Robbed of all heroic accidents, the man Enoch Arden is a true hero, after the highest conception of a hero. A man of unconquerable will, by the might of love and faith and duty—this is the highest hero, and this is Enoch Arden. Through all his simple, homely life, the quality of the man is

to be seen, but he is proclaimed full hero only when the great ordeal has come. He is great as King Arthur, none the less that, in his supreme hour, his task is to bear and abstain, rather than to do. He is great by his unconquerable will, yet his strength is not the strength of dogged resistance, but a conscious and deliberate bowing before love and duty, by the underlying might of faith." — *Tainsh*

"Enoch might have died a miserable man, shattered by his fate, and our pity for him been charged with a sorrowful contempt for human nature. But this is not in the bond. Like the epic hero, he conquers fate. The soul triumphs. He is more of a hero than Arthur." — *Stepford*

"The hero, Enoch Arden, is beyond rivalry the principal personage in the tale, and his heroism is at once of the loftiest and simplest order. He is an unlucky man, but invincible; his brain is ordinary; morally he is sublime. His duty, however hard it may be, is always clear to him; and without any consciousness that he is acting heroically, he always proves equal to it. Harder duty, however, has seldom fallen to any man than this." — *Bayn*

803. **Enow.** Enough.

808. **Enoch hung a moment.** "The dying man's last victory over selfishness bespeaks not merely our pity for him, but our reverence. There is also something profoundly sad in the way in which that desolate heart, after half-claiming back the living children, feels that, in real fact, only the dead little one is left it."

904. **Calling of the sea.** Lord Tennyson writing to W. J. Rolfe explains this: "'The calling of the sea' is an expression for the sound of a ground swell, not of a storm. The timber of old houses would never have rung to such a sound except upon a still night when the calling of the sea is often heard for miles inland."

908. **And spoke no more.** The question of whether or not Enoch should have made himself known to Annie has been much discussed, and with widely varying opinion. Tainsh has some apposite remarks on this point. He says: "The conception of Enoch is that of a man altogether noble. Any emotional satisfaction gained at the cost of making him less noble would have been false art therefore. Now his appearance in the new family circle, whatever doubtful pleasure it might have afforded to him, would have caused utter consternation and pain to all others concerned. To Philip it would have meant a ruined life; while Annie would have felt herself severed from both ties at once, and shocked beyond recovery by the

discovery of her false position. A low toned or morbid artist would have made them meet—the situation has been produced more than once in recent novels to the entire offence of all readers of refinement and sensibility. The most that could be permitted to Enoch, consistent with his nobility and with true art feeling, was that terrible satisfaction he obtained when

· The dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee."

910. **Costlier funeral.** Strong exception has been taken to the last three lines, not alone as unnecessary, but as a blot on the artistic perfection of the poem. Tarnish says: "The weakest portion of *Enoch Arden* is, I think, the last three lines. 'To name him 'strong heroic soul' seems so entirely unnecessary, after the living presentment of his strength and heroism, and though the kind of funeral his friends and the town gave him was important for their own sakes, the record of it here has yet to my mind the effect of an anti-climax." The writer of *Blackwood's Magazine* is even more emphatic: "What need to tell us that the noble fisherman was strong and heroic when the poet has just completed his fine delineation of his strength and heroism? The costly funeral sounds an impertinent intrusion. We cannot doubt for a moment that Philip gave honourable burial to the man whom he had so deeply, though so unwittingly, wrong. But the atonement is such a poor one that it looks like a mockery; and we would rather hear nothing of it. Why disturb in our minds the image which what went before had left there?—the humble bed on which the form, so often tempest-tossed, reposes in its last sleep; the white face, serene in death, waiting for the kisses which it might not receive in life. A writer in *Literature* further comments: "It is not only an almost unique example of a Tennysonian anti-climax, certainly of one occurring at a point where the maintenance of the poetic level is of such vital moment, but it is perhaps the solitary instance of a lapse on the part of that usually unerring, artistic intelligence into downright bad taste, if not into positive vulgarity of thought."

Lord Tennyson himself held strongly to the opinion that the three lines are necessary to the completion of the poem. Here is his explanation: "The costly funeral is all poor Annie could do for him after he was gone—entirely introduced for her sake; and, in my opin-

ion, quite necessary to the perfection of the poem." A commentator adds: "Is not the fact that expense would signify more than any other one thing to the villagers a sufficient explanation, or must we look for some subtle additional reference to what the event cost in Annie's life?"

It is interesting to note that in 1866 a small pamphlet written by C. H. P. was published, containing a continuation of the story, which is quite in keeping with the original narrative.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

The poem was first published in the volume of 1842 and altered very little in subsequent editions. Sir William Jones's prose translations of the *Moallakat*, the seven Arabic poems (which are a selection from the work of pre-Mohammedan poets) hanging up in the temple of Mecca, gave Tennyson the idea of the poem. The reference is to the first poem of the seven *The Poem of Amriolkaia*, the first stanzas of which are summarized by Sir William Jones: "The poet supposes himself attended on a journey by a couple of friends; and as they pass near a place, where his mistress had lately dwelled, he desires them to stop awhile that he might indulge the painful pleasure of weeping over the deserted remains of her tent. They comply with his request, but exhort him to show more strength of mind and urge two topics of consolation; namely, that he had before been equally unhappy, and that he had enjoyed his full share of pleasures; thus by the recollection of his past delight his imagination is kindled and his grief suspended." Efforts have been made to identify the Hall in the poem with Langton Hall, near Somersby, in Lincolnshire. Tennyson states, however, that both the place and the hero are imaginary. He adds in this connection: "In a certain way, no doubt, poets and novelists, however dramatic they are, give themselves in their works. The mistake that people make is that they think the poet's poems are a kind of 'catalogue raisonné' of his very own self and of all the facts of his life, not seeing that they often only express a poetic instinct, or judgment on character real or imagined, and on the facts of lives real or imagined. Of course, some poems, like my *Ode to*

Memory, are evidently based on the poet's own nature, and on hints from his own life."

In later life Tennyson wrote *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*. If possible this poem should be read carefully by the student. A comparison between the enthusiastic optimism of the young man just entering upon life with the somewhat darker opinions of the man whose span is almost exhausted will form a valuable study.

George Brimley in *Essays (The Eversley Series, Macmillan)* has some very acute criticism on *Locksley Hall*. He says:

"It is against the fickleness of a woman that the speaker in *Locksley Hall* has to find a resource. And he finds it in the excitement of enterprise and action, in glowing anticipations of progress for the human race. He not merely recovers his sympathy with his fellow-men, and his interest in life, which had been paralyzed by the unworthiness of her who represented for him all that was beautiful and good in life, but he recovers it on higher and firmer ground. What he lost was a world that reflected his own unclouded enjoyment, his buoyant ardour and high spirits; a world appreciated mainly in its capacity for affording variety to his perceptive activity and scope for his unflagging energies; a world of which himself, with his pleasures and his ambitions, was the centre. What he gains is a world that is fulfilling a divine purpose, beside which his personal enjoyments are infinitely unimportant, but in aiding and apprehending which his true blessedness is purified and deepened; a world in which he is infinitely small and insignificant, but greater in his brotherhood with the race which is evolving 'the idea of humanity' than in any possible grandeur of his own. The poem has been called 'morbid', a phrase that has acquired a perfectly new meaning of late years, and is made to include works of art, and all views of life that are coloured by other than comfortable feelings. If *Locksley Hall*, as a whole, is morbid, then it is morbid to represent a young man rising above an early disappointment in love, and coming out from it stronger, less sensitive, more sinewed for action.

"What has led certain critics to call the poem morbid is, of course, that the speaker's judgment of his age, in the earlier

part, is coloured by his private wrong and grief. But it is not morbid, on the contrary, it is perfectly natural and right that outrages on the affections should disturb the calmness of the judgment, that acts of treacherous weakness should excite indignation and scorn; and the view of the world natural to this state of mind is quite as true as that current upon the Stock Exchange, and not at all more partial or prejudiced. It is not, indeed, the highest, any more than it is a complete view, but it is higher and truer than the 'all serene' contemplation of a comfortable Epicurean or passionless thinker. There is no cynicism in the 'fine curses' of *Locksley Hall*; they are not the poisonous exhalations of a corrupted nature, but the thunder and lightning that clear the air of what is foul, the forces by which a loving and poetical mind, not yet calmed and strengthened by experience and general principles, repels unaccustomed outrage and wrong. With what a rich emotion he recalls his early recollections! Sea, sandy shore, and sky have been for him a perpetual fountain of beauty and of joy, his youth a perpetual feast of imaginative knowledge and pictorial glory. With what a touching air of tenderness and protection he watches the young girl whom he loves in secret, and whose paleness and thinness excite his pity as well as his hope! How rapturously, when she avows her love, he soars up in his joy with a flight that would be tumultuous but for the swiftness of the motion, - unsteady but for the substantial massiveness of thought, and the grand poising sweep of the lyric power that sustains it! Then how pathetic the sudden fall, the modulation by which he passes from the key of rapture to that of despair! And here and there, through all that storm of anger, sarcasm, contempt, denunciation, that follows, there sounds a note of unutterable tenderness which gives to the whole movement a prevailing character of pain and anguish, of moral desolation, rather than of wrath and vengeance. Not till this mood exhausts itself, and the mind of the speaker turns to action as a resource against despair, does he realize all that he has lost.

"Not only is his love uprooted, - his hope, his faith in the world, have perished in that lightning flash; and he turns again to his glorious youth, but now only to sound the gulf that

separates him from it. The noble aspirations, the ardent hopes, the sanguine prophecies of earlier years roll in rich pomp of music and of picture before us; but it is the cloud pageantry of the boy's day dream which breaks up to reveal the world as it appears now to the 'palsied heart' and 'jaundiced eye' of the man. Yet in the midst of this 'distempered vision' are seen glimpses of a deeper truth. The eternal law of progress is not broken because the individual man is shipwrecked. It is but a momentary glimpse, and offers no firm footing. His personal happiness, after all, is what concerns each person. Here, at least, in this convention-ridden, Mammon-worshipping Europe, where the passions are cramped, and action that would give scope to passionate energy impossible, the individual has no chance. But in some less advanced civilization, where the individual is freer if the race be less forward, there may be hope. And a picture of the tropics rises before the imagination, dashed off in a few strokes of marvelous breadth and richness of color. But the deeper nature of the man controls the delusion of the fancy; his heart, reason, and conscience revolt against the escape into a mere savage freedom; they will not allow him to drop out of the van of the advancing host; and manly courage comes with the great thought of a society that is rapidly fulfilling the idea of humanity; the personal unhappiness, the private wrong, the bitterness of outraged affection, give way before the upswelling sympathy with the triumph of the race to which he belongs. The passion has passed in the rush of words that gave it expression, and life shines clear again, no longer on the tender-hearted, imaginative boy, but on the man

Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

1. 'Tis the place. Edward Fitzgerald notes: "This is all Lincolnshire coast: about Mablethorpe, where A. T. stayed much, and where he said were the finest seas except in Cornwall."

8. Orion. Orion was a celebrated huntsman. He was a giant in frame, and as powerful as he was large. The goddess

Artemis fell in love with him, and by so doing incurred the displeasure of her brother Apollo, the sun-god. Apollo persuaded his sister to shoot at a mark far out at sea which he pointed out to her. This mark was in reality the head of Orion, who was refreshing himself with a swim after the fatigues of a long hunt. Too late Artemis found out her mistake, as the arrow struck the hunter and killed him. When she saw what she had done, she placed the giant in the heavens as one of the constellations.

9. **the Pleiads.** The seven daughters of Atlas, who after death were placed in the heavens as a constellation. The name is derived from a Greek word meaning "to sail", because the constellation shows the time most favorable to navigators, the spring.

14. **closed.** Contained within itself.

32. **golden sands.** Refers both to the delightfulness of the hours and the speed with which they slipped away.

75. **the poet sings.** Dante in the *Inferno*, V. 121.

113. **dusky highway.** Tennyson says: "A simile drawn from old times and the top of the mail-coach. They that go by trains seldom see this."

121. **argosies.** Large merchant ships.

130. **lapt.** Enfolded.

135. **As a lion, etc.** The image of the lion is founded on a passage from Thomas Pringle's *A Narrative of a Residence in South Africa*: "About midnight we were suddenly roused by the roar of a lion close to our tents. It was so loud and tremendous that for the moment I actually thought that a thunder-storm had burst upon us. We roused up the half-extinguished fire to a roaring blaze."

138. **process of the suns.** Progress of the years.

160. **knots of Paradise.** The manuscript of *Locksley Hall* has at this point a couplet omitted when the poem was published:

"All about a summer ocean, leagues on leagues of golden calm,
And within melodious waters rolling round the knolls of palm."

178. **foremost files.** Front rank

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